

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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No. 142.—Vol. 5.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1857.

PRICE 2½D.—STAMPED, 3½D.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

WHEN we next come before the public, the world will have entered on a new year; but before that time arrives it may not be improper to take a parting glance at the old one. In life, as in other voyages, it is highly important to attend to what sailors call your "dead reckoning"—the record of the distance run. And 1857 will be long remembered in the history of England. There has not been such an important year for this country since the famous '48, at all events, the year of revolution.

Yet 1857 began quietly enough. There were two topics at the time predominant in England—the question of China and the question of economy. Important both were, but neither was very anxious or exciting. A Chinese row can never be a first-rate matter to a nation like ours. And economy, though it commends itself to the good sense and good feeling of all who can boast these qualities, is not the sort of theme which vividly excites the passions of the country. The prominence given to it at that time seemed to promise a peaceful and hopeful epoch. The quiet of Europe was assured. The Russian war had become matter for history. What more probable, or more wise, than that permanent reductions should be made in expenditure—that taxation should be lightened—that serious efforts should be brought to bear to amend the social state of people? Ideas like these, we venture to say, were universal, or, at all events, were daily strengthening when Parliament met.

Ministers began the session by a timely recognition of the fact. They abolished what was then so unpopular—the "war ninepence." Then came the Chinese debate. The proceedings taken against Yeh were discussed with acrimony on both sides; and the result was, that Lord Palmerston contrived to make his defeat in the House a source

of fresh strength in the country. The defeat was the result of the union, on one special occasion, of the natural opponents of the Government with that section of the Liberals which dislikes the Premier's foreign policy on principle. But, in any case, the House was becoming old; its materials were markedly inharmonious; and it was time to get a fresh body. The Premier artfully went to the country, not on one question alone, but on his general popularity—on the accumulated prestige derived from the Russian war.

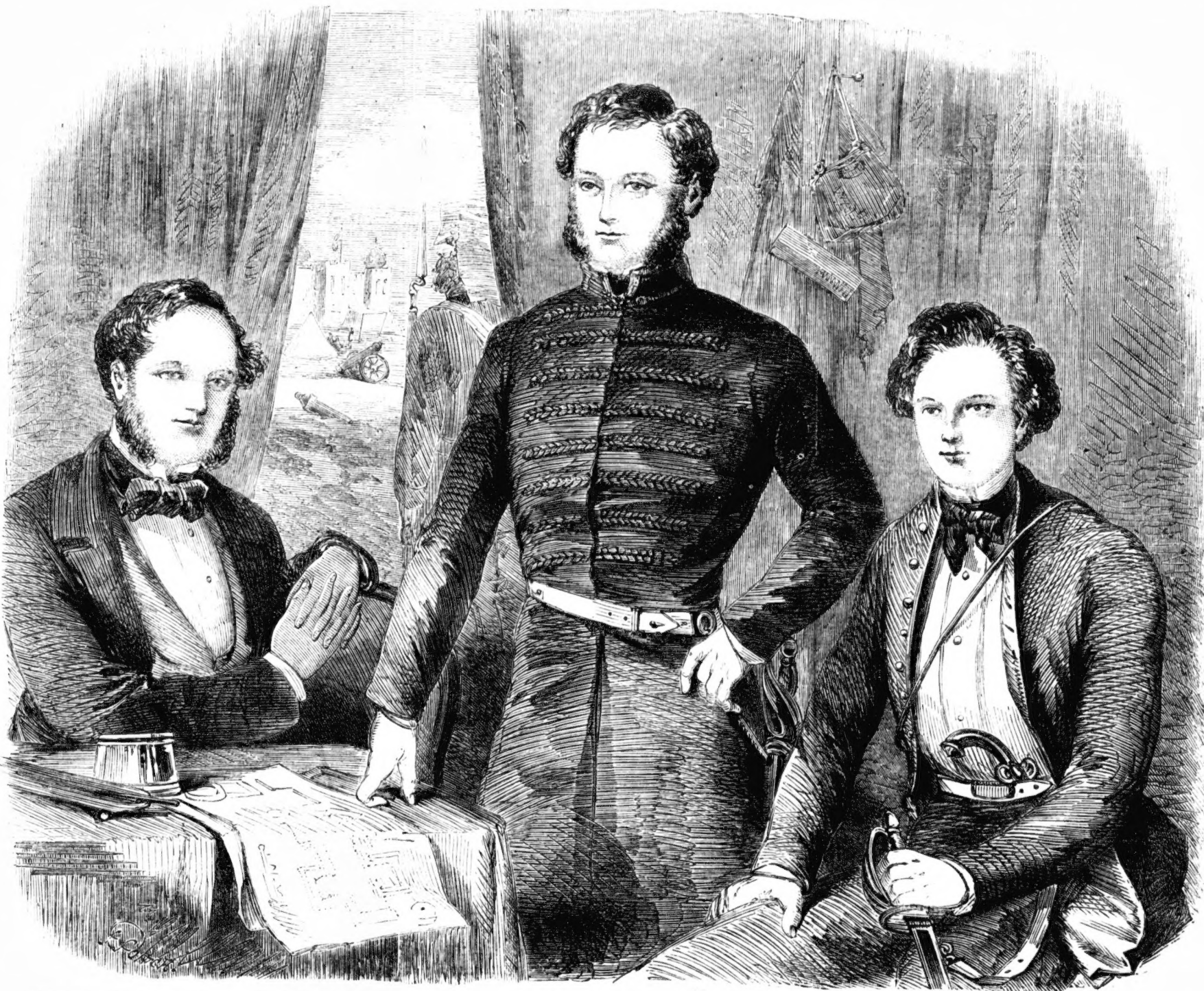
Those who took a practical part in the general election know that the "lorcha" early vanished out of the proceedings. Lethe was the river for that boat. But the general question of our relation to foreign Powers did influence things, perhaps more than any general question. The Yeh affair, dull in itself, had kindled that pugnacity which of late years has so markedly distinguished the Briton. Of this sentiment, our popular Viscount was the representative. Accordingly, wherever "popular opinion" carried an election, respect for Pam was insisted on. The Manchester men and Peelites suffered entirely because of their opposition to war and to Pam, the favourite of war. The result was to strengthen him so much, that his position has not been shaken since—that with a Ministry, of which the *personnel* is even remarkably ordinary, he has ruled as absolutely as Peel did, when he had Graham and Aberdeen beside him, and the Duke of Wellington in the background. The election did not bring in a single new member with any of the talents of a tribune, and the new House was of a singularly quiet and malleable nature. These were advantages which confirmed the dictatorship.

The regular session presented nothing of very great importance. Some useful minor measures were passed, and one of more pretension—the Divorce Bill. This comes into operation very shortly

and we fear that for some time the point of re-marriage amongst the divorced, will perplex and disturb the Church. But we are entirely confident of the necessity there was for a change in the law, for reasons which we repeatedly gave at the time. We are also favourable to the "toleration" principle which produced the last Jew Bill—though we cannot pretend to such an affection for the Jewish race as would induce us to try and agitate the country violently on their behalf.

It was while such matters as these were occupying the public, that a brief message startled us from India, and awoke an entirely new sensation of alarm. Conquerors and colonists, the British have often neglected, as a people, their conquests and colonies. Five years back, our leading satirists laughed at the zeal and expense bestowed on the Indian mail. We seemed to be as quietly established in Hindostan as in Yorkshire. And though it is now notorious, that the danger which has burst on us had shown symptoms (does anything happen without some symptoms?), nothing is more certain than that the Indian Government never foresaw such events as have happened. It took mail after mail, and terrible narratives, only to rouse the public to the state of things. The Ministry did not seize the full danger, and they blundered beyond all controversy in meeting it. They did much, and part of what they did was done promptly, but to send sailing ships instead of steamers, and to pronounce at once (without any trial) against the Overland route for troops, were circumstances which stamp their policy as second-rate.

In the meantime, while our transports were becalmed in the topics, or beating about the Cape, the English in India nobly vindicated their race. A province annexed within ten years was held by the genius of Lawrence, and proved the backbone of our empire.



THE LATE HERVEY HARRIS GREATHED, COMMISSIONER OF DELHI.

COLONEL EDWARD HARRIS GREATHED  
COLONEL GREATHED AND HIS BROTHERS.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILBERFORCE HARRIS GREATHED, R.E.



Wherever an enemy showed fight, up jumped a great soldier. Delhi fell. In some isolated places, we held our own till relief came; in some dangerous ones, a prompt use of the gun and the willows saved the dusky hounds in quiet. There was vigour everywhere, except, perhaps, at headquarters, though there may be something to say for Lord Canning, which we have not as yet seen favoured with.

Nobody will expect us to discuss again the error of theories which the mutiny has produced. Two things seem now generally agreed on, that the seamy army is a blunder, and headable government an absurdity. But there are a host of witnesses to be heard before the final arrangements for governing India can even be speculated on, and for a long time, too, our chief interest will be in the campaign and in the chastisement. May the British people heartily support both!

As if it was not enough to do it with our Indian empire, the year 1857 has shaken our commercial system down about our ears. Failures for fifty millions have distinguished the latter part of the year. We have had to violate a law in order to restore the confidence of a alarmed world. Here, again, we have evidence of vast wrongdoing and consequent suffering, and yet a certain obscurity about the causes. Here again, too, public opinion is getting unanimous on one or two points. There has been "over speculation," says everybody. On this point, it is worth remarking, that the perpetual cry about our increasing wealth and the spread of our commerce is the chief stimulus to this speculation; everything can be traced to a moral cause at last, and the moral cause of these crashes is the greediness and conceit which makes people rush at making money anyhow. It is nonsense to blame the "currency" alone for it, because everybody who goes into business knows what the laws of the country on the subject of the currency are, and should play his part with due regard to them. You cannot invent a machinery which will avert the consequences of misconduct. This is the old blunder, making machinery the first cause instead of the instrument. Tens of thousands are "laying the pipe" now in hunger and discontent, for the errors of our traders, and can only be relieved by charity, till better times come. In fact, the year goes out duty a d heavily, and the new one rises on us with a certain sombre and chilly character, very like that of some of our recent winter mornings.

1857 has not been notable for anything in the way of Continental politics. The French despotism, if any king, assumes a more offensive character; but it does not meddle with us; and, as a great French writer said, "We have all fortitude enough to bear the ill of other people." High politics flourish everywhere for the time; and it would be pleasant to know that, if social reforms took the place of them. Just at present this cannot, we fear, be said. Without high ideas or aspirations, Europe is also plucked in material and commercial matters. But we must not part altogether gloomily with a year which gave us an unvaried harvest of grain at home, and an unvaried harvest of brave men in India. If the old year cannot look back on a very happy and well-scented life, it can at least hope for its successor that it will not be worse off in fortune, while excelling it in conduct, from a study of what was wrong in its example.

#### COLONEL GREATHED AND HIS BROTHERS.

We are this day enabled to present our readers with authentic portraits of Colonel Greathed, and of two of his brothers, who have also devoted their lives to the service of their country. These portraits have been engraved from pictures in the possession of the mother of the gallant gentlemen.

The father of these gallant and heroic officers was the late Edward Greathed, Esq., of Uddens House, Dorsetshire, an officer in the 3rd Regiment of Dragoon Guards, and representative of one of the best county families among the landed gentry of Dorset. His original name was Harris; but he assumed by royal licence in 1806 the surname and arms of Greathed, on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle. He married, in August 1811, Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart., by whom he left at his death, in December 1840, three daughters and five sons, the eldest of whom is the Gallant Colonel whose name is now before the world as one of the foremost followers of Havelock, and his rival and competitor in the race for fame.

It is not every mother who is spared to see five sons all grow up to manhood, all enter the service of the public in a military or a civil capacity, and all rise to distinction; but this has been the lot of Mrs. Greathed, who is still alive. Her third son, George Herbert, entered the navy at an early age, and was first lieutenant of the *Britannia*, flag-ship of Admiral Sir James W. D. Dundas, and was killed in the trenches before Sebastopol, in October, 1854. The fourth son, Robert, was collector in the North-West Provinces, and died, in 1851, at Simla, after being seven years in the civil service of the East India Company at Benal.

The second brother, the late Mr. Hervey Harris Greathed, late commissioner of revenue and circuit in the Meerut division, who died of cholera at Delhi, in September last, was born August 31, 1817.

Mr. Hervey Greathed commenced his career in 1836; and, after filling various official situations in the Punjab, Rajpootana, and at Meerut, was appointed commissioner of Delhi, in succession to Mr. Fraser, who was massacred at the commencement of the revolt. In this capacity he accompanied the troops commanded by Sir Archibald Wilson, on their march from Meerut to Delhi; was present at the battle of Ghazeddennagur, and was with the camp before Delhi throughout the siege. In his early days he had been officially connected with the Sikh chieftains who occupied the territory in the rear of our besieging army—an experience which he turned greatly to our advantage. During the struggle before the walls of Delhi, his tone was uniformly encouraging. Even when at one time it was in contemplation to abandon the siege of Delhi, the authorities, near and distant, were reassured by his messages and despatches, the language of which indicated the certain progress of the British arms towards success.

The youngest brother, William Wilberforce Harris Greathed, now captain in the Bengal Engineers, who is returned amongst those who were severely wounded in the assault of Delhi, was born Dec. 21, 1826, and was educated at the Military College at Addiscombe, where he passed a distinguished career. He received his appointment to the service from the late Major-General Sir Jeremiah Bryant, C.B., and arrived at Fort William, Calcutta, in June, 1846. He was immediately ordered to do duty with the Sappers and Miners at Meerut. In July, 1847, we find him appointed assistant-superintendent of the works on the Doab Canal; from which he was transferred in the following summer to do duty under the chief engineer of the force, under orders to proceed to Mooltan. He had scarcely been there a month, when he was attached to the engineer department of the army of the Punjab, with which he served through the campaigns of 1848-49. He had the satisfaction of seeing his services at Mooltan noticed in terms of the highest praise by Major Napier, whom he attended as aide-de-camp, and by Brigadier (now General Sir John) Cheape, K.C.B. An account of his services will be found in detail in the "London Gazette" of March 7, April 19, and May 3, 1849. At Gojraat he was particularly useful in reconnoitring the ground occupied by the enemy, and in affording information as to the enemy's movements. He was subsequently attached to a force employed across the Jhelum. In Jan., 1850, he was nominated first assistant-engineer for the canals on the west of the Jumna. Having come to England on furlough in 1852, he returned to duty in March 1854, and officiated for a time as executive engineer of the Dum Dum division, from which he was transferred in May 1854 to the post of superintendent of canals west of the Jumna. In January 1855 he was promoted to the office of deputy-consulting engineer in the railway department to the

supreme government at Calcutta. On the breaking out of the Indian mutiny he went up to Delhi as extra aide-de-camp to the late General Sir Henry William Barnard, K.C.B., but upon his death he rejoined the Bengal Engineers. We may mention here a signal act of daring in the earlier part of the mutiny which brought him into public notice. He was in a raid with Captain Borsley, of the 31st M.D. Regiment, and about 100 Europeans. Suddenly they found themselves surrounded by 1,500 of the enemy; the two officers, flinging themselves early upon the ground, resolved to cut their way out, and dashed forward, calling on their men to follow them; and in a sort of two volleys fired at them, they made their escape, with only two or three of their men wounded. He did not, however, the same good fortune in the assault of Delhi, in which he received a wound which has entirely disabled his right hand and arm.

The eldest of the brothers, Colonel Edward Harris Greathed, whose name is in all men's mouths, for having so victoriously led his column in pursuit of the Delhi fugitives, is an officer, not of the East India Company, but of the Queen's service, and has held the army rank of lieutenant-colonel since June 1854. He was born in 1812, and entered the line as ensign in 1832, so that he is now in the very prime of life and strength. His subsequent commissions he appears to have obtained by purchase. He has been employed on active service for just five-and-twenty years, of which the last six or seven, at least, have been spent in India. In the "Bengal Army List" for July last, the name of Colonel Greathed stands as commandant of the Calcutta depot, for instruction in rifle musketry; we do not, however, find any detail of his military services before the present year, so that he has probably been somewhat late in gaining his laurels. We hope, and have reason to believe, that before the new year arrives, the "London Gazette" will announce his elevation to the well-earned distinction of a K.C.B.

We have so recently detailed the brilliant successes by which these laurels have been earned, down to the arrival of his column at Cawnpore, and they have been, and are, so largely talked of, that it would be simply impertinent to allude to them further. We may add, however, that in the same before Delhi the civilian and his two soldier brothers were called "the heroic trio" by their comrades, among whom they were beloved, no less for their personal virtues than for their professional merits.

We learn with much regret, that in the loss of Colonel Greathed's success, his wife, to whom he had been married some fourteen or fifteen years, is reported as having died at Simla of fever, brought on, doubtless, by anxiety for her husband's safety.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

THE Emperor has commanded that temporary but renewable leave of absence be given to 30,000 soldiers by the Minister of War. By a recent division on this favour is divided as follows:—Infantry, 27,500; cavalry, 1,800; artillery, 600; engineers, 90; and women, 170.

The French ships of war intended for China, the departure of which has been delayed for some time, were to sail from Toulon before the 25th inst. They are to proceed direct to Hong Kong with 550 troops on board. This force, it is said, will not be increased for the present.

It is stated that a report on the present condition of the Two Sicilies is now being prepared by order of the French Government.

##### SPAIN.

DESPATCHES from Spain speak of fresh intrigues against the existing Ministry. The health of the Queen is in every way satisfactory.

The meeting of the Spanish Cortes is postponed to the 10th of January, when the Queen will open the session in person.

The "Espana" denounces with some vehemence the supposed projects of the United States against Cuba, and accuses President Buchanan of personally encouraging them. With regard to the proposition for purchasing the island, which it says the new Minister of the United States, who is about to arrive in Madrid, is expected to make, the "Espana" declares that Spain cannot entertain it without dishonour. That the United States will seize the first opportunity, either by "partial expeditions, or exciting insurrections, or any other mode whatever," of possessing themselves of the island, the "Espana" does not doubt, and it complains that under such circumstances the Government displays a "great want of caution and an inexplicable severity."

In order not to burden the treasury, the Government has decided that all the officers and soldiers on duty at the Palace on the day of the birth of the Prince of the Asturias shall receive decorations, instead of obtaining promotion or places, to which, in accordance with custom, they were entitled.

##### AUSTRIA.

THE reduction of the Austrian army is proceeding with great rapidity.

A great change is observed in the tone of the Austrian journals with respect to the Suez canal. The project is now spoken of in terms by no means enthusiastic. The "Nord" explains the change by the circumstance that England is strongly opposed to the undertaking, and that "Austria will not at any price separate herself from England."

##### PRUSSIA.

LETTERS from Berlin give unsatisfactory accounts of the state of the King of Prussia's health. His majesty is not worse, but the improvement which was looked for has not taken place. His memory is gone, and no hope is now entertained of his ultimate recovery. Nevertheless, it appears to have been decided not yet to create a Regency. It is supposed what are called "extraordinary powers" will be bestowed on the Prince of Prussia. "His Royal Highness does not desire to play a prominent part in State affairs, and so long as the King remains in his present state, neither the domestic nor foreign policy of the Prussian Government is likely to change."

##### RUSSIA.

THE Emperor and the Imperial family of Russia returned to the capital on the 6th.

The "Nord" of Saturday publishes the official documents relative to the future regulation of the relations between the Russian landed proprietors and the peasantry. From the Imperial decree, addressed to the Ministry Governor of Vinn, and the Governor-General of Grodno and Kovno, we make the following extracts:—

"To this effect, I ordain to establish from this day a committee of elaboration in each of the before-mentioned Governments, and herewith a general commission for the three Governments united. Immediately after the formation of the provincial committees, each of them will draw up a detailed plan for the amelioration of the existence of the peasantry, taking for a basis of their plans the following conditions:—

"1st. The proprietor preserves his right of property in the whole landed estate, but the peasants preserve the plots around their habitations, which they have the right of acquiring in complete ownership by purchase, the money payable at a fixed term; they have also the use of a certain portion of land, according to local conditions which may be necessary to assure their existence, and to give them the means of satisfying their obligations towards the state and the proprietor. In return for this use the peasants are bound either to pay a rent to the proprietor, or to labour on his estate.

"2nd. The domestic relations between peasants and proprietors must be so regulated as to guarantee the regular service of taxes due to the State, and of servitudes and provincial imposts."

The remainder of the decree refers to general instructions to the various officials engaged in carrying out the directions of the government on this subject.

This is only the first step towards the emancipation of the serfs—an important one, as it recognises their political existence. We are told that "in a second period, serfdom will be suppressed."

##### ITALY.

THE Act of Accusation against the prisoners detained for the *Cagliari* affair includes the two English engineers, who will be tried under the same circumstances as the other prisoners. Signor Lancia, a man of integrity and talent, has been chosen to conduct the defence of our countrymen. The *Cagliari* has been pronounced a lawful prize by the Civil Tribunal of Naples.

Luzzi, confidential servant of the Count of Aquila, brother of the King

of Naples, has been tried for attempting to poison his master; he was found guilty, and sentenced to death. The conduct of this trial has caused much scandal.

The news from the province of Ancona is bad: several assassinations and acts of violence have been committed, and nineteen persons are under arrest on suspicion.

#### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

MR. ALISON, secretary of embassy, takes charge of affairs at Constantinople, in the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A delegation of British merchants at Galata, presented an address to his lordship on his departure, thanking him for the efficacious protection he has afforded to British interests in the Levant.

Next to the Principalities question, the Suez Canal is likely to become the most important subject for debate by the Ottoman Government. Mr. Lesseppe was about to ask for a firm authorising the construction of the canal; but that measure is known to be strongly opposed by the British Government, the Porte itself cannot be favourable to the measure, and Austria now shows some reserve in the matter.

As the Divans have refused positively to proceed to the examination of any internal matters until their political organisation has been settled, they may be considered as virtually at an end.

Twenty thousand Russians are said to be marching on the Caucasus to reinforce the corps of Bariatinski.

#### AMERICA.

CONGRESS was inaugurated on the 7th, the President's message was delivered on the 8th. An abstract of this lengthy document will be found in another place.

Senator Douglas, famous as the author of the Nebraska Bill, has effected an open rupture with Mr. Buchanan, and, indeed, has delivered a most effective speech in the Senate in opposition to his Kansas policy, forming an exposition of which, we refer our readers to the Message. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary for Kansas, has agreed to call the new territorial Legislature four weeks in advance of its regular time of meeting, so that the people might have an opportunity to organise resistance to the Lecompton constitution. Immediately on learning of this circumstance, Mr. Buchanan removed Mr. Stanton from his office. This matter is likely to take a serious aspect.

Further advices had been received from the Utah expedition. Six hundred head of cattle had been run off by the Mormons in sight of General Alexander's command. The United States troops were suffering from want of provisions. It was expected that the three divisions of the army under Colonels Johnston, Alexander, and Cook would soon be concentrated, and it had been determined to enter Salt Lake City, if possible. A skirmish had taken place, in which three or four of the Mormons were taken prisoners.

The Mobile papers, in commenting upon the chances of General Walker's effecting a safe landing in Nicaragua, say that a heavy storm occurred in the Gulf, which was probably encountered by the steamer *Fashion*, on board of which the filibusters were embarked. If this should be the case, it is not probable that the *Fashion*, heavily laden and crowded with men as she was, escaped damage.

Nicaragua is in a deplorable state. The republics are quarrelling, and their dissensions will favour Walker's expedition. Much anxiety was felt as to whether the British will oppose the landing of Walker's troops. The Nicaraguan and Costa Rica forces were still opposed to each other, though no collision has yet taken place. In Honduras and the adjoining republics the cholera was committing fearful ravages, and business was nearly at a standstill.

The financial condition of California has improved rapidly. For the first time the receipts have been sufficient to pay the current expenses for the year.

#### THE INDIAN REVOLT.

##### RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

A TELEGRAM, which reached the Foreign Office on Wednesday last, furnishes us with the following important intelligence:—Sir Colin Campbell having reached Cawnpore on the 2nd of November, joined the force at Alambagh on the 21st [11th?]. On the 23rd [13th?] active operations commenced, and for the next six days there was a constant series of severe and bloody struggles with the enemy. On the 21st, the principal strongholds having been captured, the beleaguered garrison was relieved. On the 20th, the sick and wounded, ladies and children, were sent back under an escort to Cawnpore.

The army under the Commander-in-Chief now amounts to about 22,000 men, amply sufficient to reduce Oude to entire subjection, a task which will occupy them for some months to come.

The Malwa field force, under Brigadier Stuart, has relieved Nusseerabad, dispersed the Eriahbipore [Melhidpore?] and Mundesora rebels, and is now clearing Malwa of the insurgents.

The flying columns under Brigadier Showers, Colonel Cotton, and Colonel Todd, are scouring Rohilkand; complete success has everywhere attended their operations.

Large masses of European troops are reaching India weekly, and all alarm has now subsided for the garrisons and out-posts lately in such imminent peril.

#### EARTHQUAKE IN NAPLES.

ON the night of the 17th inst. a terrible earthquake devastated the districts of Salerno, Potenza, Noia, and other places.

Entire villages have been destroyed, and the victims are several thousands in number. The authorities have constructed temporary shelters for the shelter of the inhabitants.

In the city of Naples there were several violent shocks, and the whole population was evacuated out-side the city the whole day, but no fatal accident occurred in the city. The northern part of the kingdom of Naples has not been subject to this visitation.

CHINESE PIRATES.—Another massacre by Chinese has been committed on board ship. The schooner *Neva* left Hong-Kong on the 17th of October, with a valuable cargo of treasure and merchandise, for Foo-Chow. The following evening, some Chinese passengers, assisted by the carpenter of the ship, killed the captain and a couple of the seamen. The mate escaped by the rigging; remained there till the Chinese left the vessel at Mrs Bay, taking with them 22,000 dollars' worth of treasure; and then navigated her back to Hong Kong by the 19th of October.

WRECK OF THE COLUMBUS.—The French merchant vessel *Elizabeth*, just arrived at Havre from Cape Haytien, took on board at sea the crew of the *Columbus*, of London, which foundered in 38.35 N. lat., and 42.10 W. long. The captain of the *Elizabeth* states that, on the 5th, he saw a vessel lying on her beam ends, and with a signal of distress flying. On running down on her, he found her in a sinking state, and picked up the crew, eighteen in number. They had just left her in their boats, with nothing but a small bag of biscuits, and without any clothes but those on their backs. The vessel went down in a short time after.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—In order to understand the position of all parties in this matter, it must be recollected that, in the firm given by the Porte to M. Lesseppe, the latter is obliged to obtain the consent of the Porte in all public undertakings of some magnitude. Thus, when the Viceroy wished to construct the railway from Alexandria to Suez, in spite of his opposition in the beginning, he was in the end obliged to acknowledge the right of the Porte to sanction this work. Any question, therefore, of this nature was to be treated between the Porte and the Pacha of Egypt. It is this latter who must propose the scheme and ask for the consent of the Porte, and no direct negotiation can take place between the latter and the projectors of the Suez Canal. They can only work indirectly by persuading the Pacha of the advantages of their scheme, and bringing ambassadorial influence to bear on the views of the Porte on the subject.

POLITICS AND THE THEATRE.—It is observed that the political movement which seems to be awakening in France, has been felt by all the Paris theatres. At the *Variétés* they are (for a few days been) playing *Mémoires de Tartuffe* every night; at the *Variedades* the piece represented is called "Voltaire chez les Capucins," and it abounds in allusions to what is actually going on; at the *Galerie St. Hubert*, it is an historical drama connected with the Revolution of 1789; at the *Opéra* was announced the "Mette et Portier," the same opera which served as the signal for the revolution of 1830.



## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The message of President Buchanan to the Legislature of the United States has been received. It is of course a very lengthy affair, the chief points of which are as follow:—

In the subject of foreign relations, the President says that they are on the whole of a satisfactory character. At the same time difficulties exist with regard to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, upon the first and most important article of which the British and American Governments have taken opposite and contradictory constructions. Mr. Buchanan goes on to say:—

While in the United States we believed that this treaty would place both parties upon an exact equality, by the full stipulation that neither will ever occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America, it is contended by the British Government that a true construction of this language has left them in the rightful possession of all that portion of Central America which was in their occupation at the date of the treaty; in fact, that the treaty is a virtual recognition on the part of the United States of the right of Great Britain, either as owner or protector, to the whole extensive coast of Central America, sweeping round from the Rio Honda to the port and harbour of San Juan de Nicaragua, together with the adjacent Bay Islands, except the comparatively small portion of this between the Saratoga and Cape Honduras. According to their construction, the treaty does to more than simply prohibit them from extending their position in Central America beyond the present limits. It is not too much to assert that if in the United States the treaty had been considered susceptible of such a construction, it never would have been presented under the authority of the President, nor would it have received the approbation of the Senate."

Several attempts had been made to patch up an agreement, but they had all failed; and Mr. Buchanan now recommends the entire abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and to commence anew; to which end the British Government had already made overtures. He adds: "I shall not refuse to contribute to any reasonable adjustment of the Central American question, which is not practically inconsistent with the American interpretation of the treaty." A happy phrase.

With respect to France, the President complains that the commercial restrictions are excessive; and speaking of Spain, he unhesitatingly assures us that everything has occurred short of an open rupture. The relations with Russia are all that can be wished.

Of China, the Message says:—

While our Minister has been instructed to occupy a neutral position in reference to the existing hostilities at Canton, and will cordially co-operate with the British and French Ministers in all peaceful measures to secure by treaty stipulations those just concessions to commerce which the nations of the world have a right to expect, and which China cannot long be permitted to withhold, from assurances received I entertain no doubt that the three Ministers will act in harmonious concert to obtain similar commercial treaties for each of the Powers they represent."

On the important subjects of the Mormons and filibustering, the President says that the rebellion of the former must be put down with a strong hand, while as to the latter he believes that "our duty and our interests, as well as our national character, require that we should adopt such measures as will be effectual in restraining our citizens from committing such outrages."

The late commercial crisis occupies a considerable portion of the Message. The suggestions of the President respecting this crisis are in favour of a law restricting the operations of American banks and other associated bodies, which have deluged the country for years past with their issues of paper. He seems anxious to restore a purely convertible currency as nearly as possible.

On the Kansas question, President Buchanan recognises the legality of the Lecompton Constitutional Convention, which was appointed by the Pro-Slavery Legislature to prepare a constitution for that territory, preliminary to its admission into the Federal Union as a sovereign State. It may be desirable to state that the Lecompton Constitution, in those clauses that relate to the slavery question, declares that the right of the owner to his slave is as inviolable as his right to any other property; that the Legislature shall have no power to emancipate the slaves without the consent of their masters; that they shall have power to prevent the entrance into the territory of emigrants who may be accompanied by slaves; and that they shall have the power to pass laws to prevent the emancipation of their slaves by their masters. The only provisions that are made in the interest of the slave are—1st, that when criminally prosecuted they shall have the benefit of jury trial; and, 2nd, that a person dismembering a slave shall be as much amenable to the law as if he had committed the offence upon a white person.

## THE JEUFOSSE TRIAL.

For the last week our good friends and allies across the Channel have been occupied almost exclusively with one subject—the *affaire Jeufosse*. The quiet town of Evreux, in Normandy, where this remarkable trial took place, was filled to overflowing by crowds, anxious to hear the evidence, which we now present to our readers in outline.

The Jeufosse family, of old decent and noble lineage, had owned for many generations an ancient chateau of the same name, in the neighbourhood of the little Norman town of Gallon, near Evreux. The fortunes of the house were decayed, and it was probably not without difficulty that the sober dignity of the family was kept up. M. de Jeufosse, a cavalry officer, who turned up his commission on the advent to power of the Citizen King, has been for some years dead. The family, since his death, has consisted of Madame de Jeufosse, his widow; two sons, Ernest and Albert, aged respectively twenty-five and twenty-two; and one daughter, Blanche, not yet nineteen. Two other members of the household were prominently mixed up in the affairs: they are, the governess, Mlle. Laurence Thouzay, a young Norman lady of two-and-twenty; and Crepel, gamekeeper, who has been from his boyhood in the service of the family. The two sons resided principally in Paris, where they appear to have led generally a rather fast life. At Auberville, a country house within a very short distance of the chateau, resided Emile Guillot. Emile Guillot was, in French phrase, a roué; he had no pedigree, not even a grandfather. His father had amassed a considerable fortune by trade, and had left Emile what in French provincial life is considered the very handsome income of £1,600 a-year. Emile Guillot appears to have had most of the foibles of the French character. He was generous, good-humoured, and sociable, but intensely vain, and, according to English views, thoroughly loose and unprincipled. To conquer hearts was his ambition; to boast of his triumphs his delight. The fact that he had some few years since become the husband of a young and charming woman, who appears, in spite of all his faults and infidelities (which were no secret to her), to have been sincerely attached to him, produced no change in the habits of M. Guillot.

In the year 1855 a close intimacy sprang up between the two families. They soon became nearly inseparable. Emile Guillot made frequent shooting parties with the young men, who occasionally did him the honour to borrow small sums of money. With the ladies he was on the best terms. Mlle. Laurence, a lively Norman girl, soon became the object of his marked attentions. The flirtation became the talk of the neighbourhood. Guillot himself talked of it at the club at Gallon. Old M. du Hazez, ancien officer, old M. Tripet, formerly Vice-Consul at Moscow, all the nobilities and respectabilities of the little provincial circle, had remarked it, and the subject was mentioned to Madame de Jeufosse. She treated the thing as a mere idle scandal, and declined to part with Mlle. Laurence on any such ground. But it soon became evident that M. Guillot was transferring his homage from Mlle. Laurence to Mlle. Blanche. How far this young lady responded to the passion which Guillot felt, or affected to feel, is left doubtful upon the evidence. On the whole it seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that she did not discourage him greatly. It appears probable that Madame de Jeufosse must have seen reason to suspect from her daughter's demeanour that there was danger in her further intimacy with M. Guillot. But this was not all. The big game was everywhere that he had triumphed over the virtue of Mlle. de Jeufosse. He even made the young lady's alleged weakness a topic of familiar gossip among the small tradesmen of the town. Madame de Jeufosse hearing this, resolved on instantly breaking off all intercourse with the Guillots. Although Madame Guillot, with singular civility, came to assure the justly treated mother that there could be nothing wrong between Emile and Blanche—because Emile had himself confessed to her that his intrigue with Mlle. Laurence was still going on—Madame de Jeufosse properly adhered to her determination—and the breach between the two families became complete. This was at the beginning of the present year. But M. Guillot's gallantry was not to be banished. Wherever the Jeufosse ladies went, he contrived to thrust himself in their way. Whether they were shopping in the town, or at mass, or paying a visit, the game Guillot was sure to present himself. Even this was not enough. At night he scaled the park walls, rounded his horn in the woods, even penetrated into the chateau, disordered the sleeping rooms, upset the chairs, and turned the ladies-doux adieu to Blanche; he said among his comrades that the young lady favoured him with midnight assignations, so, at times in her own chamber, sometimes in the grounds; he even took them with him into the woods, and left them on the watch, while he went to enjoy stolen interviews with his mistress. But it must be observed that the whole of this part of the case rested solely on

the gasconade of Guillot. No witness was produced who ever saw the young lady in any compromising position; and not a single scrap of paper was produced in her handwriting in answer to the passionate flattery of Guillot.

Madame de Jeufosse, evidently a proud, reserved, and sensitive woman, was deeply outraged by these proceedings. Her eldest son, the only play a very figure throughout the whole business, wrote a foolish letter to Emile Guillot, warning him that orders had been given to fire on the intruder, and a reward offered to anyone who should succeed in hitting him. This letter was intercepted by Madame Guillot, but her husband was not left without warning and remonstrance. On the 17th of March, the neighbourhood took it up; the old friends of M. de Jeufosse met together; Guillot was sent for and excommunicated; he denied much that every one knew to be true, but declared that for the future he would strictly abstain from giving offence.

It would have been fortunate for him if he had kept his word. He probably never meant to do so. At any rate the peace was almost immediately re-commenced, and became worse than ever. The Guillot family were dropped in here, and brought to Madame de Jeufosse. The heart of the mother was raised. She asked a neighbouring magistrate whether the law would permit her to shoot down the midnight violator of her property and her peace. She was assured that it would. From that moment her resolution seems to have been taken. She directed Crepel, the gamekeeper, to keep strict watch, and fire at the intruder on the first opportunity. It was urged in her defence that her intention and her direction was merely to "pepper" her tormentor, not seriously to wound him; but her subsequent conduct leaves it somewhat doubtful whether she troubled herself much as to the probable extent of the injury. The doctor who saw her after the man was dead declares that she seemed to regard the occurrence as perfectly natural (not natural); and the strong probability is that she really considered that the law, under the circumstances, had invested her with the power of inflicting death—a power which she was by no means indisposed to exercise. Crepel had not the determination of his mistress. He waited for weeks without effect; at last she resolved to watch with him. For several nights preceding the catastrophe, she sat at her open window in the chateau; Crepel on the lawn beneath with his double-barrelled gun in his hand. On the 12th of June, as they sat thus, a rustling was heard in the shrubbery near the park wall. Crepel advanced—some one retreated. "Hâtez-vous en aller," cried the gamekeeper, and fired. The shot was fatal. Emile Guillot fell, with eight slugs in his body. Crepel ran back instantly to the apartment of Madame de Jeufosse. Madame de Jeufosse, alarmed at the report, and distinctly hearing groans, also descended there. Madame de Jeufosse knew that the shot had taken effect. Meanwhile, Guillot's servant, who had followed his master to the park wall and heard his cries, ran to the chateau for help. The circumstances that follow are the most damaging part of the case for Madame de Jeufosse. For some time no one attended to the outcries of the servant. At last a single domestic looked him up with a lantern to the aid. They arrived there only just in time to witness the last struggle and hear the declaration of the dying man that it was Crepel who had shot him. What follows is worse still. The body was left where it lay. It remained there all night, and was found there the next day by the magistrates who came to investigate the circumstances. Had it not been for the intervention of M. Tripet, who with a few friends and neighbours hurried to the chateau, not even the decent covering of a sheet would have been provided. All this unquestionably shows the hardness of a naughty and malevolent nature, and has probably had more to do than anything else with turning the current of sympathy against the prisoners.

Such were the principal facts brought to light when the affair was tried in the Criminal Court, where the Jeufosse family were arraigned for murder. M. Berryer, who defended the Jeufosse family with his usual consummate ability, of course omitted no topic which could work on the feelings of the jury or the mind of the judge. His principal argument was, that Madame de Jeufosse, under the circumstances, must be regarded as having acted in her own defence; she was besieged, as it were, in her own house. The article of the Penal Code, which authorises the extreme of armed resistance to a "forcible and nocturnal entrance," the object of which is the spoliation of property, authorises a similar resistance when the object of the intruder is the spoliation of a daughter's reputation. The principal contention of the counsel for the prosecution was that Madame de Jeufosse had exceeded the measure of resistance which the law allowed, and had by her subsequent conduct evinced a deadly animosity sufficient to constitute that malice premeditated which forms the principal criterion between justifiable and unjustifiable homicide. The jury took the view impressed upon them by M. Berryer—and though the morality of their verdict may be called in question, they must have been more or less than men to have decided otherwise.

**THE CROWN JEWELS.**—A letter from Hanover tells us that the long dispute between the King of Hanover and the Queen of England respecting the right to certain jewels of enormous value, in the possession of the Sovereign of England, and forming no inconsiderable portion of what have been hitherto called the British Crown Jewels, has been decided in favour of Hanover. When the kingdom of Hanover was severed from the United Kingdom by the accession of Queen Victoria, a claim was made by the late King of Hanover, formerly the Duke of Cumberland, to nearly the whole of the jewels usually worn on state occasions by the English Sovereign, on the ground that part of them, which had been taken over to England by George I., belonged indubitably to the Crown of Hanover; and that the remainder had been purchased by George III. out of his privy purse, and had been left by him and his Queen Charlotte to the Royal family of Hanover. As the jewels thus claimed are estimated to be worth a considerable sum of money—a single stone having cost nearly £20,000, they were not to be relinquished without a struggle. Ultimately, in the lifetime of the late King, the English Government were driven to consent to submit the matter to a commission of three judges; but the matter was protracted, and the commissioners died out without arriving at any settlement. Lord Clarendon, however, seems to have perceived that such attempts to stifle inquiry were unworthy of his country, for he consented that a fresh commission should be issued to three English judges of the highest eminence, who, after investigation, found the Hanoverian claim to be indisputably just, and reported in its favour. The Court of Hanover is consequently in high zest this Christmas at the prospect of removing the crown and regalia, so jealously guarded in the Tower of London, almost bodily to Hanover.

**CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—A great Christmas fête will be held every day of next week at the Crystal Palace. It is almost impossible to say what attractions have not been provided, especially for little boys and girls. There is to be an enormous Christmas tree fifty feet high; there will be a grand ballet in the orchestra erected for the opera concert; there will be a gigantic Christmas pudding, of which every juvenile may have a slice for the asking; the "Royal Punch and Judy," the identical couple who had the honour of performing before her Majesty, with the very same dog Toby, will go through their popular dramatic entertainment. Then will follow the performances of the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Renaissance, and Italian courts, and they are all free. There will be a grand national dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley," and the misletoe festival, with 2,000 couples. The festivities will commence each day at twelve o'clock, and end at four. Monday next is the first day, and the price of admission will be one shilling.

## IRELAND.

**DEATH OF JUDGE JACKSON.**—Mr. Justice Jackson, one of the judges of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, died on Sunday. The deceased Judge earned his greatest distinction in the political arena, in which he was an out-and-out defender of Irish Toryism.

**TIPPERARY OUTRAGES.**—A farmer named Foley, and his wife, were proceeding home in a donkey-cart from the Fethard fair, when, on arriving at a place called Hizenstown, they were fired at. Foley was wounded in the head (not dangerously) by a slug. Next night, Mr. Brophy, one of the stewards of the Stevards Collieries, was fired at, without effect, by some person concealed in a ditch.

**EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL FOR LIBEL.**—On the present page we print a very remarkable trial which recently took place in France. But we have our own remarkable trials—one of which is now pending in Dublin; at least at the time of going to press we have received no complete report of it. Our readers may remember that in April, of last year, Mrs. Sarah Kelly, landowner, was murdered in the open day, on her own land. Some years previously she had conceived a great esteem for one of her nephews, named George Stevens. She had made him the manager of some part of her estates, and had moreover made a will greatly in his favour. But between the time of the making of the will and the time of her murder she had received into her confidence a lawyer, who, after a while, gave up his practice and went to reside with her. Subsequently Mrs. Kelly altered her will, in a great measure substituting her lawyer in place of her nephew. Mrs. Kelly was shot by two men dressed in women's clothes with their faces closely veiled. In spite of the outcry raised by the nephew, who was with her, no one stirred in pursuit of the murderers, who got off, and have never been discovered. The lawyer, by innuendoes (we quote the plaintiff's case), endeavoured to make it appear that the assassins had been suborned by George Stevens, and it is on these innuendoes that the nephew has founded an action against him for libel, the damages being laid at £5,000.

## SCOTLAND.

**THE WESTERN BANK OF SCOTLAND.**—At a recent meeting of the shareholders of the Western Bank of Scotland, the bank's assets were stated to be £8,607,240—the liabilities amounting to £8,911,932, exceeding the assets by £304,692. But this recent account does not include the original subscribed capital of £1,500,000, and the "rest," amounting to £2,158,892, which are lost; a state of things which has caused a considerable sensation. It was stated that a second meeting, after the one called for the 30th December, would be necessary before a call could be made; and £500,000, or perhaps £1,000,000, would be required.

## THE PROVINCES.

**MURDER IN NORTH DEVON.**—John Barwick, a labourer of Lenton, North Devon, "killed company" with a young woman named Maria Blackmoor. One evening last week she sent for him, and remained in conversation with him in a passage leading to her mother's house. Suddenly she rushed into the house, bleeding from the floor, and died. It appears that Barwick had stabbed her in the throat with his clasp-knife. He went straight home, and said to his sister "I've done it." "Done what?" she inquired. "Done for Maria," replied he; "as he has bristled the knife about, and if you don't mind I'll do for you." An inquest has been held, and a verdict of Wilful Murder returned against Barwick, who is in custody.

**MURDER NEAR DARTINGTON.**—At Creak, a colliery village on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, Michael Turner was killed in one of those violent quarrels which now and then take place among the pitmen. He was struck on the head with a coal-rake, which broke in his skull; he fell, and said, "I am done;" he asked for a drink of water, and never spoke afterwards. The fight took place in a public house, and was described by one witness as a "fight with hands and feet." An inquest being held, the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against John Murphy, who had absconded from the place, and a warrant for his apprehension was placed in the hands of the police.

**SYMPATHY OF WORKMEN FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.**—The men and boys employed by Price's Patent Canal Company, at their Bromborough Pool Works, Liverpool, held a meeting last week to consider the practicability of offering some assistance towards alleviating the distress existing in the neighbourhood. Resolutions were passed to the effect that it was the duty of the members of that meeting to aid those who from want of employment, or from other causes out of their control, are in want and distress; and that subscriptions, at the rate of 1d. for every 10s. earned, should be at once opened, and continued till the end of March. We learn with extreme gratification that these resolutions were practically adopted by every man and boy in the factory, the result being that £4 or £5 per week are collected in the factory for distressed workmen.

**COLLIERY EXPLOSION.**—An explosion occurred at the Stratford Main Colliery, near Barnsley, on Friday. Two men were killed, and such was the amount of debris at the place where the unfortunate men were at work, that nearly five hours elapsed before their bodies could be recovered, although they were alive and calling for assistance nearly all that time—in fact, one of the poor fellows was just alive when found, but breathed his last while being brought to the surface.

**THE YARMOUTH HERRING FISHERY.**—The season may now be said to have closed, and on the whole the season has done exceedingly well. The number of vessels employed in the herring fishery, belonging to Yarmouth, is about 400. There are all bigger rigged, average forty-five tons each, and carry a complement of ten hands. The number of persons employed in "curing" houses, net chambers, ferrying boats at the beach &c., is computed at 4,000 at least, and a very large number of females are employed during the season and throughout the whole year in making nets.

**FATAL POACHING AFFAIR.**—A fight between forty poachers and gamekeepers, on the estate of Mr. Richard Corbet, of Adderley, is reported. The fight seems to have been most desperate; the keepers being armed with sticks and short blades, the poachers with guns and spears, the latter of home manufacture, but of a very deadly character. Luckily, the guns of the poachers were out of condition, and did not always go off. The end of it was, however, that one of the keepers was killed by a stab in the abdomen, and another was shot in the side, but he is likely to recover. Two of the poachers—France and Hughes—were captured before their companions made off; and a jury, who inquired into the death of the gamekeeper—Norton—have returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against them and "divers other persons unknown." A third man, named Harris, is also in custody.

**COLLIERS ON STRIKE.**—The iron masters and coal proprietors of North Staffordshire had nothing to their men a reduction in their wages of sixpence a-day. The men generally turned out; assembling in mobs on Thursday week, they came in collision with the police; and a superintendent and an inspector were seriously hurt in the struggle. A large number of special constables have been sworn in in various places, but we hope, and believe, there is little danger of more serious rioting. A meeting of colliers with their masters has been held at Wolverhampton, both parties appeared to face each other in an amicable spirit; and though there seems little prospect of arresting the fall of wages, some other grievances of which the colliers complained are likely to be redressed.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—The engine of an express-train on the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, broke down near Charlbury, on Friday night, and the train was brought to a standstill. The guard seems to have gone back with a signal light immediately after the accident; but, notwithstanding this precaution, an ordinary train from Handborough came dashing into the carriages standing on the line. The result was that three of the express carriages were smashed; the passengers escaped, however, with bruised or broken limbs. On the South Staffordshire and Stour Valley Junction, at Dudley Port, a similar accident occurred. In this case a passenger train came into collision with a coal train, which was coming up to be shunted. About twenty persons were more or less injured.

## THE LEIGH WOODS MURDER.

JOHN BEALE was indicted at Taunton on Tuesday for the murder of Charlotte Pugsley in Leigh Woods. No new evidence was adduced. The gamekeeper Worth deposed to finding the body. The intimacy between the prisoner and the deceased was proved, and it was shown that she had left her service in his company on the 9th of September, the day before the murder was discovered. He had obtained leave of absence of his master (he was in the service of Captain Watkins, of Daventry, who was lately killed in a railway train), on false pretences, and gave out among Pugsley's fellow servants that his master's establishment was broken up, and that he (Beale) was going to marry Pugsley, and take her to America. Moreover he was seen with her in the neighbourhood of Leigh Woods. After the murder was discovered, some of the deceased's wearing apparel and her boxes were found in his possession; with a pistol and bullets, and a bloody knife. Beale was found guilty, and sentenced to death.

## THE HUMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE AT CANNOPORE.

No habitation of brick, or wood, or stone in the world, is surrounded with so dreadful an interest as that which is engraved upon the following page. It was scarcely possible to realise the horrors perpetrated at Cannopore. Particular as the story is—down to that little touch about the women's hair hacked into the door-posts—the English mind instinctively turned against the relation, and half believed that it could not be true. This picture deprives us a little of that melancholy satisfaction. We have read how, we now see where, the massacre was committed; there are the doors at which the murderers entered, and out of which the bleeding bodies of our countrymen and their little children were dragged when the work was done. However, we do not wish to dwell upon a subject which we should only be too happy to forget; and leave our readers to make their own reflections.

The engraving is taken from a sketch by Lieutenant Pearce, of the Calcutta Volunteer Guard, which has been obligingly forwarded to us by a correspondent.

## THE WRECK OF THE DUNBAR.

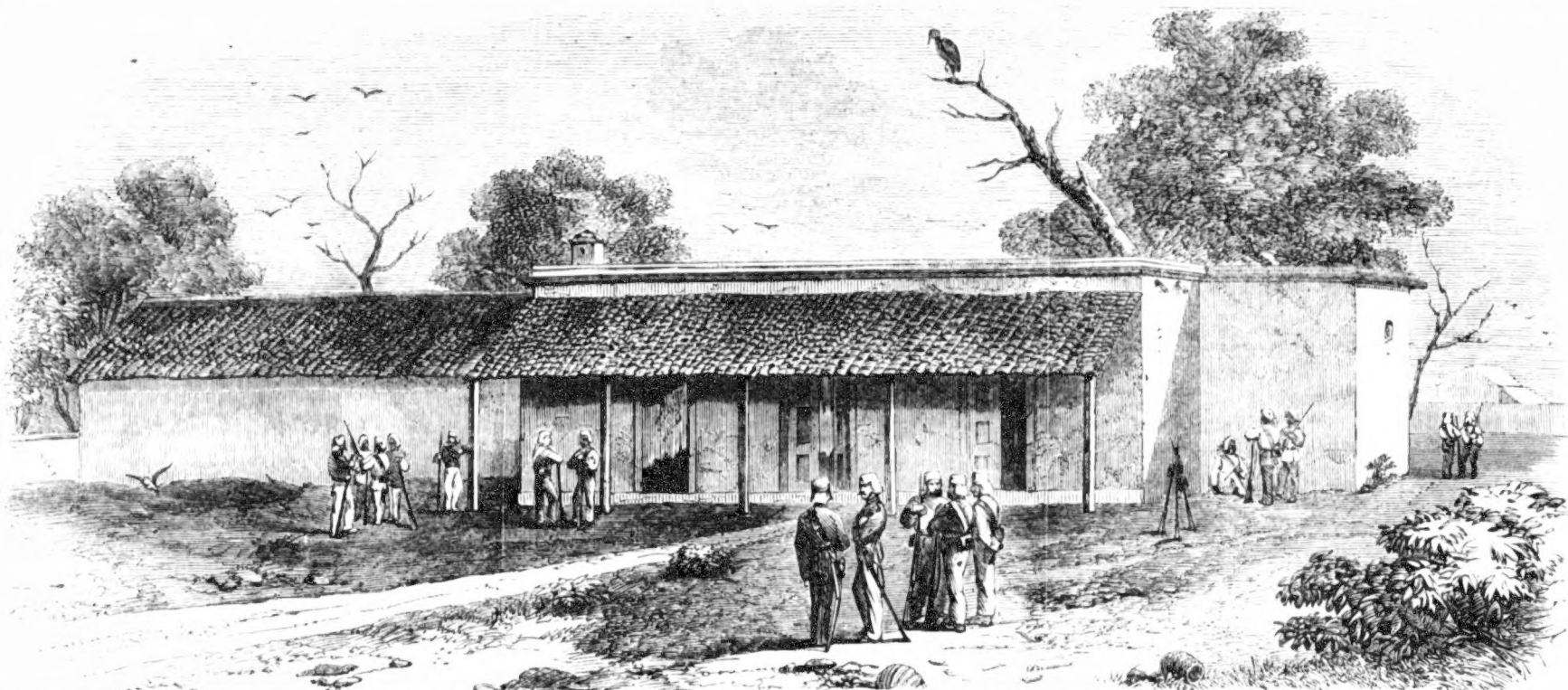
The wreck of the *Dunbar*, of which some particulars were given in No. 136 of the "Illustrated Times," was perhaps one of the most awful catastrophes ever recorded. No adequate description of the scene that presented itself to the people of Sydney the morning after the wreck, has yet appeared; but by the favour of a correspondent, and from other sources, we are enabled to complete the dreadful narrative.

Our correspondent (a merchant in Sydney) says, writing on the 9th of September:—

"Several of my letters through this season have spoken of the wet and gusty winter we have passed through. We have been visited by one tremendous cyclone and several of the heaviest gales I have ever known. On the 19th and 20th of last month, another of these furious displays set in. Thursday night (the fatal one) was indeed terrible. The *Dunbar* had made a splendid run of eighty-one days, and had that day sighted Botany (about eight miles from Sydney Heads) towards dark. Captain Green had plenty of sea-room then. The gale was blowing due east, and of course right on the shore. They were beating off the coast soon after they passed Botany; but when about midway between there and Sydney Heads, the Captain gave orders to square sail, evidently with the idea of running into the 'Heads.' No doubt he found his vessel making too much leeway to enable him with safety to beat off the coast through the night, and so made a dash in the dark for the harbour, as the most discreet choice of two difficulties. Poor fellow! what with the blinding rain, the dense darkness, and his having lost sight of the night, he ran his beautiful ship into that frightful hollow, the Gap, mistaking it for the entrance.

"If you knew anything of this awful spot, you perhaps might picture to yourself what must have been the terror of the moment when this huge





THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE LADIES AND CHILDREN WERE MASSACRED AT CAWNPORE.—(SKETCHED FROM THE GATE OF THE COMPOUND LEADING INTO THE PUBLIC ROAD, BY LIEUT. SYDNEY PEARCE, C.V.O.)

craft, crowded with human beings, took her wild leap upon the rocks, with seas running after her which actually spent themselves on the top of the cliffs. "Such a shriek," says the only man who was saved from her, "as the world knows nothing of," he heard, "and all was over." All this happened at midnight, just under the watch-house and the light, and within a stone's throw of the pilots; yet not a sound was heard, or a signal seen, through the thick and howling storm, to direct attention to the horrible state of things below. Little was known of this disaster in the city till about twelve o'clock on the following day, when the news spread rapidly, and everybody seemed to be rushing to the heads. I reached there between two and three o'clock, and what horror! I pray it may be the last scene of the kind I may ever witness. That a ship of 1,400 tons had been wrecked, there was little to prove near the fatal spot, but of the lost life there was abundant evidence.

"Every sea brought up one or more of the poor bodies into the 'table rocks,' and left them there for the next sea to catch up and hurry back again into the depths. With a full heart I looked for a time, and saw men, women, and children—fine young men and beautiful girls—hideously grouped upon the rocks below. The poor things all appear to have gone to bed, not expecting to come in before morning, as I saw no one dressed but a sailor.

"Many of the lost I knew; some, I believe, were known familiarly to you. The distress in many of our families is quite heart-breaking. One poor fellow I know well—I had just furnished his house, and had made all comfortable for his wife and child, who were on board the *Dunbar*. Mothers were waiting for their children, who had been to England for a few years to complete their education; fathers were looking for sons who had become of age, and were on their way out to receive their portions of property; others, elderly people, were coming to settle their affairs previous to retiring into private life. Numbers of woeful tales are told, and our city is plunged into mourning.—Yours, &c., F. G."

But the most awful feature of the catastrophe is this: the poor wretches who fell into the jaws of the waves fell also in the jaws of sharks. It would appear that many, if not most, of the ladies were fearfully mutilated. The Mayor of Sydney tells us—"A brave fellow volunteered to go down to send



JAMES JOHNSON, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE CREW OF THE DUNBAR.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT SYDNEY.)

up some of the mangled corpses, now and then lodging on the rocks beneath us—now a trunk of a female, from the waist upwards—then the legs of a male, the body of an infant, the right arm, shoulder, and head of a female, the bleached arm and extended hand, with the wash of the receding waters almost as 'twere in life, beckoning for help! then a leg, a thigh, a human head would be hurled along, the sea dashing most furiously, as if in angry derision of our efforts to rescue its prey; one figure, a female, tightly clasping an infant to the breast, both locked in the firm embrace of death, was for a moment seen, then the legs of some trunkless body would leap from the foaming cataract caused by the receding sea, leaping wildly, with feet seen plainly upward in the air, to the abyss below, to be again and again tossed up to the gaze of the sorrowing throng above." And we read in another place that some bodies could not be rescued from the sea, so fiercely did the sharks battle round their prey; but the waves, beating their poor bodies against the rocks, must have greatly mutilated them too.

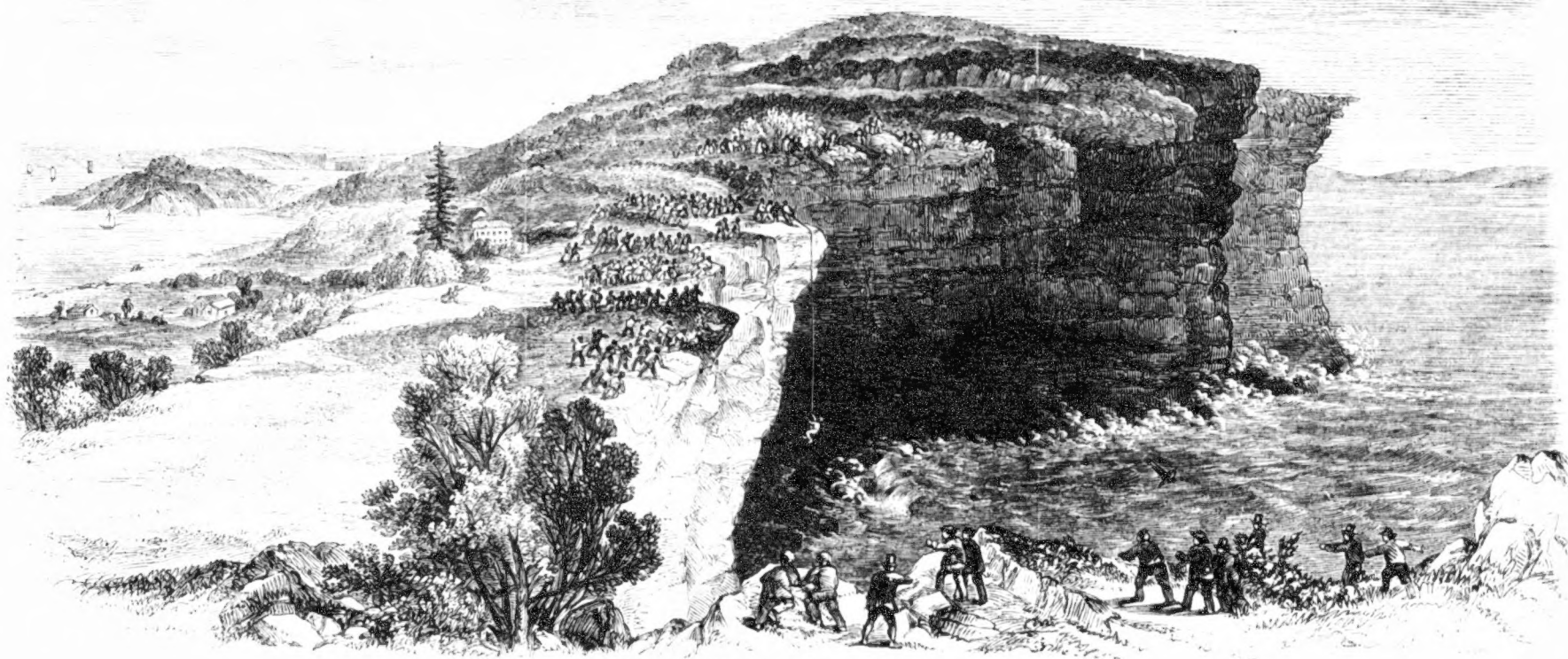
As for James Johnson, who alone survived, our readers remember how he was saved. Johnson, with the old boatswain, and two Dutch seamen, were about the last who were washed from the wreck, they four holding on a piece of plank, from which the two Dutchmen were soon after washed; a huge sea then threw Johnson and the boatswain on shore amongst some pieces of timber, from which Johnson scrambled to a higher shelving rock to avoid the next sea, which he did, but the poor old boatswain, less active, was carried away, and perished. Johnson then climbed to a still higher position, and, being much exhausted, lay down and slept. The next day he saw a steamer go into the Heads; he made signals to her, but was not seen. During the day he saw another steamer pass, and tried to attract her attention; as also that of a schooner running in. Friday night was passed in this state. On Saturday morning he endeavoured to get along the rocks; he could see people on the cliffs above, but could not make himself seen, until a brave lad (Antonio Wollier, an Icelandic), who had gone down and along the rocks, noticed Johnson waving a handkerchief; relief came, and he was soon after hauled up to the top of the cliffs, which are there about 200 feet high.

The ship was literally broken into a thousand pieces; and her timbers and her cargo distributed along the coast for a long distance.

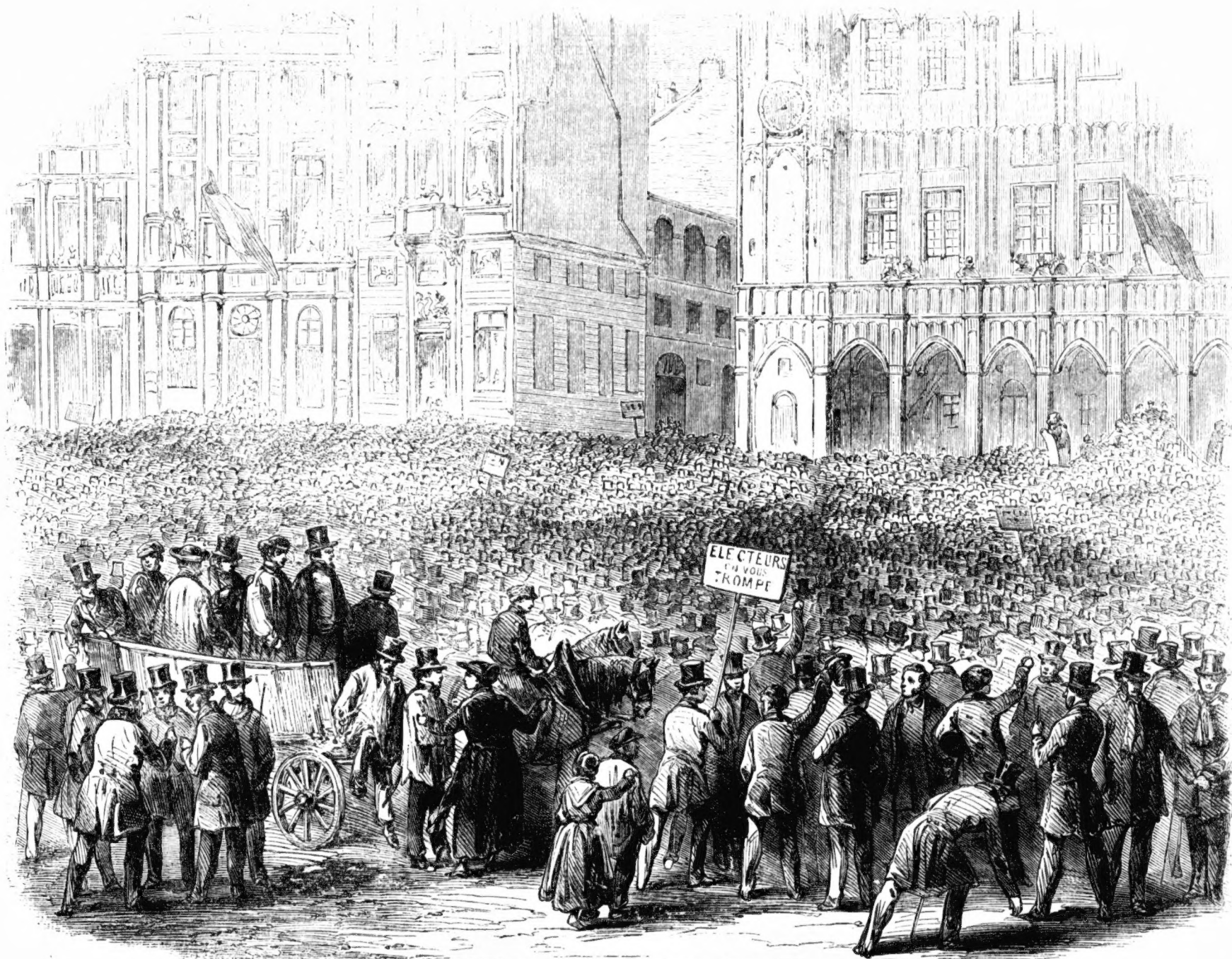


JOHNSON DISCOVERED ON A LEDGE OF ROCK NEAR THE GAP.





THE RESCUE OF JOHNSON FROM HIS PERILOUS POSITION.



THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS: SCENE NEAR THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT BRUSSELS.



**THE MURDER AND SUICIDE IN DRUMMOND STREET.**—The identity of the persons who were recently found with their throats cut in a coffee-house in Drummond Street, has not yet been ascertained; the supposition that the woman was related to a man who gave his name as Heider, having been exploded. We now hear that the man's name was probably "Oechler," because he seems to have got away from Ostend with an open passport made out in that name, and his name was marked "J. O." A coroner's jury have returned an open verdict to the effect that the deceased persons were found with their throats cut, in which way there being no evidence to show.



## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY arrived at Windsor from Osborne on Saturday.

PRINCE ALBERT, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, announces "Lullu" as the subject for the English prize poem for 1858.

A SCHEME is under consideration for stocking the Australian rivers with salmon from Scotland, either by sending ovens or live fish.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE across the St. Lawrence, for the use of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, is making good progress. When completed, it will be one of the wonders of the world; but it must swallow up a vast sum of money.

SIR HENRY ELLIS has resigned the office of director of the Society of Antiquaries, and editor of the Society's papers.

AN ATTEMPT was made to reduce the wages of some navvies employed at the Piermont Station of the Erie Railroad. The men resisted, fortified the station, and got a gun which they threatened to use if assailed. One body of police had been repulsed.

THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY COMPANY is said to entertain serious intentions of purchasing the Crystal Palace. We doubt it.

MESSRS. HARPER, of New York, give Mr. Thackeray 2,000 dollars for every proof-sheet of his story, "The Virginians." They gave a similar sum to Mr. Dickens for sheets of "Little Dorrit."

TWO REINFORCEMENTS are about to be sent from France to China—a corvette and a gun-boat; and twenty-seven nuns of the order of St. Vincent de Paul.

THE DEATH OF KOENIG, the eminent concert-piston player, is reported. He was taken ill in London not long since, and went to his father-in-law's at Belleville, near Paris, for change of air, but without stopping the fatal progress of his malady.

THE CUPOLA OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM is said to be in a falling condition, and some accident is dreaded if it be not immediately repaired.

THE COLONELCY OF THE 3RD REGT., which has just become vacant by the death of Lieutenant-General Wodehouse, will be conferred on Major-General Sir Henry Havelock.

A CHINAMAN has commenced the silk culture in the Sandwich Islands; he has planted mulberry trees, and made other preparations.

A SHIP OF 1,600 TONS has been built at Ancona; but, like the Leviathan, she cannot be got to take the water.

A POVERTY-STRIKEN MAN allowed himself to be killed, last week, by an engine on the South-Western Railway.

A WIDOW, of Brinkway, Stockport—her odd name is Lipitrot—got up in the night, taking with her nearly £300, which she scattered in the Mersey, and then attempted to drown herself. She was rescued; a portion of the money has also been recovered.

SIR C. BARRY has been suffering severely from bronchitis. Fever supervened, and his medical attendants say it will be several weeks before he can be restored to health.

A MANUFACTURER, at St. Etienne (France), to whom the English Government gave an order for 20,000 rifles, is so pleased with the compliment that he has had a medal struck in his own honour.

PIRATES have lately been seen among the islands at Rhodes. They usually cruise in the vicinity of Lerou.

LOUIS BLANC, who was London correspondent of the "Courrier de Paris," under the signature of "Sam Weller," has thrown up his appointment through antipathy to M. Emile Girardin, who has some new interest in that journal.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY have to elect a successor of the late MR. WILKINS. The "favourites," so far as we hear, are Messrs. Danby, Poole, and Cooper.

THE FRENCH MANIA being now in a strong current towards cutting every isthmus that impedes quick sea voyages, they have started in Greece a project for severing the Peloponnese from the main land by shearing through the three leagues of rock connecting it at Corinth. This would abridge considerably the distance between Constantinople and Trieste, via Corfu.

THE STAMBUK AMBASSADORS have extended their tour to Liverpool this week. The Lord Ambassador is in London dangerously ill.

MR. JAMES COPPOCK, the well-known parliamentary agent, died on Saturday, after an illness of four days. The cause of his death was an inflammatory attack in the chest.

FERIKH KHAN, the Persian Ambassador, arrived in London from Paris on Saturday night.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BERLIN, the construction of which is to be shortly resumed, will cost, it is estimated, at least five millions of thalers. The steeple will be higher than the cupola of the church of St. Peter, at Rome.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE sold his furniture and his carriages and horses before he left Constantinople.

THE THEATRE OF SAN CARLO OF NAPLES is closed for want of a tenor! Considering in our days a tenor is better paid than a Minister of State, it is remarkable we have not more successful favourites at the Court of Apollo.

M. BRUNOW, it is believed, will succeed M. de Chreptowitch as Russian Ambassador at London.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE INDIA BOARD, MR. VERNON SMITH, has conferred a cadetship in the East India Company's service on the son of Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B., who was murdered at Cawnpore, and on the son of Major Burton, who was murdered at Kotah.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF WILD FOWL which are now to be seen on the sandy coast between the mouth of the Somme and Boulogne is considered as the prognostic of a severe winter. At every tide thousands of curlews and sea-zulls are seen feeding on the worms on the sands, and innumerable flocks of wild duck and teal are seen swimming near the shore.

THE FRENCH MEDICAL MEN who have visited Lishor to study the late epidemic, have come to the conclusion that it originated in the filthy condition of the city.

A PUBLIC MEETING ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM was convened at Rochdale by the Mayor on Thursday week. Resolutions were adopted in favour of "the Charter."

SANTA CRUZ, the Madeira of the West Indies, is suffering greatly at the present time from yellow fever.

M. LÉOUVE, the author of "Medea," is engaged on a new tragedy for Madame Ristori, which is reported to be the finest of this writer's productions.

THE RECENT MERCANTILE FAILURES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN are estimated by the "Times" to amount to £50,000,000.

ISKENDER PACHA, who distinguished himself in the war between Russia and Turkey, and who lately accompanied Omer Pacha to Bagdad, is dead.

THE SUCCESS OF THE ENGLISH OPERA EXPERIMENT AT THE LYCEUM has been so great, as to have led (we are told) Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison to enter into arrangements with the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, for the purpose of occupying that building during the time when the Italians are not singing there.

THE DILIGENCE FROM NICE TO MARSEILLES was recently stopped by brigands and robbed of 4,000*l.* in silver.

THE RUSSIAN TOWN OF NISHGOROD has been greatly damaged by a conflagration.

A LINE OF TELEGRAPH between St. Petersburg and the principal towns in the Crimea will be very shortly completed. The whole will have been constructed by Russian workmen, under the superintendence of Russian engineers.

DURING SOME EXCAVATIONS lately made at a place called the Arco Traversino, about two miles from Rome, the villa of Quintus Servilius Silanus, who was consul in 18*l.*, was discovered, and close by were found, at the same time, the remains of a Christian church, with an entrance into the catacombs.

THE NUMBER OF STRANGERS now in Rome is unusually great, the majority being Russians and Poles.

A MESSAGE FROM THE KING OF BELGIUM has been communicated to the Chambers to the effect that the Princess, wife to the heir to the crown, is in a condition which holds forth hopes of a continuation of the dynasty.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Grant Duff has been returned for the Elgin burghs—Sir J. Weir Hogz retiring from the contest. For Whitehaven, Mr. George Lyall has been returned; there was no opposition.

THE LEVIATHAN.—The launching of the Leviathan will not be resumed until the next spring, which happen at the close of this year and commencement of the next. Piles have been driven for the erection of fresh buttresses nearer the cranes. The hydraulic power which will be applied on the resumption of the operation will be more than double that to which the ship has already been subjected. There are to be twelve additional hydraulic rams. She continues to sit even and fair on the cradles. On Saturday, at high water, she had five feet six inches of water under her.

WRECK OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.—The screw steamship, Earl of Carrick, bound from Ayr to Liverpool, has been totally wrecked off the Isle of Man. She struck upon a reef of rocks off Marby Point, near Douglas. In addition to the crew, she had one passenger on board; but, with the exception of two of the former, all were drowned. The two survivors were washed on shore, and taken to Douglas. The Earl of Carrick was a fine screw steamer, iron, of 590 tons.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It is full time that either Mr. Charles Keen or Mr. Mitchell should explain the misunderstanding said to exist between them and the intrepid Royal theatricals, next month. The *Times* *lady*, as stated by either party, is this—the pro-Keanites declare that Mr. Keen distinctly asked Mr. Mitchell whether he came to him by order of the Court; or whether the speculation was purely a private one of his own; and that Mr. Mitchell answered in the affirmative to the latter portion of the question only; that had any Royal command reached him he would eternally have given his own services and those of his entire company, but that he declined assisting in the private speculation of any other person. The anti-Keanites state that her Majesty commanded Mr. Mitchell to undertake the arrangement of these performances, and that Mr. Keen's refusal to take part in them, is simply owing to his vanity being hurt at his position as director of the Windsor theatricals not having been recognised. Meanwhile the affair is creating considerable excitement in theatrical circles, where, as is well known, Mr. Keen's merits and position have always afforded a subject of debate for two very equally-matched factions, and some clear explanation should undoubtedly be arrived at. By-the-by, amongst other curious things, I have been assured that Mr. Keen has never received the slightest emolument for his professional services in connection with the Windsor theatricals! Can this possibly be the case? If so, it is but a sorry comment on the generosity of princes, and leads one to look upon Mr. Thirteen-and-fourpenny Rogers with a more favourable eye.

The death of Mr. Coppock will be a blow to the Liberal party, who, perhaps, never before had so clever an electioneering agent. He was a shrewd, clear-headed, common-sensical man, knowing his own business admirably, but knowing very little else. His speculation in the Surrey Gardens, and attempt at managing that property, was ridiculous in the extreme. Every man, they say, thinks that there are three things which come naturally, and which he himself could do to perfection—drive a gig, edit a newspaper, and manage a theatre! The gentleman who attempted to "enter for the public," as the luer has it, had not the slightest experience, or the least qualification for the task; they knew this, so they put themselves in the hands of Mr. Tyler, who was not a very brilliant and thoroughly conventional man, and whose principal occupation was to quarrel with M. Julien, who was too energetic, and wanted too much done for his own particular notion of the so-called entertainment. At the time of the smash much angry recrimination took place, and Mr. Coppock's name was spoken of in the most unwarrantable manner. He was a man of the strictest probity in pecuniary matters, and was, it is feared, a great loser by the speculation. One great light on Mr. Coppock's life was the misfortune of his son, a most promising young man, who, after giving evidence of very great ability, brought on by over-study a softening of the brain, and was rendered hopelessly idiotic.

Poor Herr Koenig, the best cornet-player of the day, is also among those recently dead. So long has he been associated with M. Julien, that one quite felt the omission of his name from the Promenade Concert bills this year. His lips, too much worked, had for a long time caused him intense pain, and finally his lungs became touched. No artist that I ever heard could throw such wondrous sweetness of tone into the cornet. Mr. Arban and others have rivaled, if not surpassed, him in the brilliancy of their execution; but Koenig's prolonged, clear, thrilling notes were perfection, and had the effect of the human voice upon the listeners.

The English Opera company at the Lyceum have finished their performances, and the management has addressed a very graceful little sort of farewell to the public—a very graceful and very sensible address, deprecating any desire to deery any of the efforts of Italian artists, confident that there is abundant room for all, and that a well-conducted and good English opera will be well supported. We further learn, not only that the past season has been successful, but that there is a hope of the Pyne and Harrison company's speedy return to London, and of their establishment on a more permanent footing. We hear, moreover, that the *troupe* is in possession of a new and original opera, by an American composer, Mr. George Bristow, from which great things are expected. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison are to be congratulated on this their first metropolitan campaign; the operas were well performed, their house well conducted, and their faith with the public properly kept.

A misapprehension appears to be prevalent as to the authorship of an article in last week's "Household Words," entitled "The City of Unlimited Paper," which was quoted at full length in the "Times," and has created great sensation in the city. It was by Mr. Hollingshead, whose name I think I saw as a contributor to the Christmas number of this journal.

By the way, this reference reminds me of a subject on which I have long wished to bare my mind—the fictions of Christmas: not the novels or tales appropriate to that season, but the shams with which we have surrounded it, and which we act to each other year after year, on an empty stage, from which all the old scenery and properties have been removed, though we still look up and pretend to point to them. Why, for instance, do we still represent Christmas as coming with frost and snow, with villagers singing carols in the white moonlight, with everybody grinning with delight and in the heartiest of humours? Why do your artists last week make their blocks all white earth and black frost-bound sky? why did your staff write jovial, genial, merry stories? Simply because we are all of us trying to keep up an exploded fiction! How long is it since we have had frost and snow worth speaking about at Christmas? have any of us since boyhood, or at all events very early manhood, felt any extraordinary exhilaration of that festive (?) season? Reading the "Christmas Carol," or, better still, hearing it read by its author, I lose myself for the time being, and am ready to skip jump, and shout for Christmas with anybody; but, the excitement over, I am more than three parts inclined to agree with Mr. Scrooge, that Christmas is a humbug. "In the Bitter Cold" was a beautiful picture, and did Mr. Pasquier great credit; but next year let him treat the subject in a more realistic manner, and give us "In the Filthy Mud;" and instead of vaunting mistletoe and holly, and nonsense of that sort, let us have peans in praise of Cording's dreadnought, Sangster's umbrellas, aquascuta, and other real Christmas friends. Let us depict and welcome Father Christmas as he really is—a moist, dripping, noggery, foggy, bill-bringing old gentleman, respectable and bearable; but let us tear away the old theatrical garlands and properties which once really suited him, but are now mere rags and tinsel.

On Saturday, your day of issue, Mr. W. H. Russell starts for India, to represent the "Times" at the seat of war. He will proceed at once to join the headquarters of the army.

Some two or three weeks since I announced to you the name of Lieut. C. Cramp as attached to Havelock's brigade, and as the writer of two most excellent descriptive articles in the "Saturday Review." I regret to see a notice of his death at Lucknow. He had been recently appointed brigade major of artillery.

The cost of attempting to launch the *Leviathan* has already exceeded the entire amount (£1,000) paid by the Government to the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the *Himalaya*. I hear from reliable sources that no further attempt will be made until fresh ones are raised.

The mail from America arriving at Liverpool on Sunday night too late for transmission to London, the President's message was forwarded by telegraph to the "Daily News" office, and appeared in that paper, and that alone, on Monday morning. It filled six columns, and took seven hours in transmission by telegraph. This is really a wondrous feat in the annals of journalism.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

## CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

I HAVE already detailed to you something of the plot of Mr. Blanchard's pantomime, "Little Jack Hower," or Harlequin A.B.C. and the Enchanted Region of Nursery Rhyme, at DRURY LANE.

At the HAYMARKET, Mr. Backston, author and manager, will produce a new pantomime, entitled, "The Shivering Beauty in the Wood, or Harlequin and the Spiteful Fairy." The Lecker family are engaged as pantomimists, and various alterations and improvements will be introduced into the internal arrangements of the boxes.

"Harlequin and the White Cat, or the Princess Blancheflower and the Fairy Godmother," is the title of the pantomime at the PRINCESS'S. Mr. Comber will be Harlequin; Mr. Haine, Clown; Mr. Paulo, Pantaloon; and Miss Card and Mr. Adams, Comedians.

At Mr. William Brong's baroque of "Lalla Rookh," at the LYCEUM, in which Mrs. Mellon and Mr. Poole will sustain the principal parts, the comic portion will be carried on by Mr. Roberts, Harlequin; Messrs. Tom Matthews and Solly, Clowns; Mr. A. Scott, Pantaloon; and Misses A. Claude Maudsloni and Marion Lees as Columbiadas, where the subject of the burlesque is the Loves of Cupid and Psyche.

Mr. Henderon will be the new Clown at the AMPLITT, where the subject of the burlesque is the "Loves of Cupid and Psyche."

Mr. Robert Brough's burlesque at the OLYMPIC is entitled "The Doge of Durbar; or, the Enchanted Eyes."

"Harlequin Beauty and the Beast" is the title of the pantomime at SAILER'S WILKS.

At the STURLEY, Mr. Nelson Lee plagiarises Shakespeare, and satirises "Romeo and Juliet" for his Christmas piece.

Mr. Driver, ex-clown at the Haymarket, has transferred his services to the STANDARD, where the pantomime is to be "Old Daddy Longlegs."

ASTLEY'S has of course an equestrian subject. "Don Quixote and his Mare Rosinante" has been seized upon by Mr. Nelson Lee for the peculiar resources of the theatre.

The pantomime at the QUEEN'S is, "Harlequin, or the Spirit Queen"—no scandal against the Levee and Viceroy, I hope.

At the VICTORIA, "Harlequin Prince Love-the-day."

At the STRAND, "Harlequin Noddy."

At the MARVELLONI, "Joe Miller; or, Harlequin Wit, Mirth, Jollity, and Satire."

At the CITY OF LONDON the pantomime is connected, I am told, of "Fact founded upon Fiction." The introduction is based upon the historical incident of the death of Rufus.

## STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.

(From Negatives by J. Frith, Esq. 1857. Negretti and Zambra, Hatton Garden.)

Is there not an old Eastern story of a magician who caused a king to dip his head, only for one moment, into a basin of water, and of the king during that momentary plunge seeing to pass whole years of existence—to be a child again, to re-enact the scenes of youth and manhood; to be transported to far distant lands; to see strange cities, places, and people? So we, looking through the lenses of the stereoscope at Mr. Frith's astonishing photographs, straightway, by the virtue of binocular glamour, go back thousands of years. We live in the land of Egypt, the old mysterious wonder-land—not that modern Egypt governed by a Turkish Pacha, intersected by railways, coveted for purposes of canalisation by M. de Lesseps, whose pyramids are now elbowed by overland route hotels and posting houses, whose deserts are now traversed by omnibuses bearing bilious majors, and beardless "arabians" to the shores of the Red Sea on their way to India, and whose arid sands are strewn with soda water bottles and the corks of hygienic flagons of Bass or Allsopp's ale. Not this Egypt; but that of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs—the land of mummies and mysteries, and the "bitish gods of Nile," the gods of Klande and Niteris; of Memnon and Psammetichs. Fancy, in a room drawing-room, being suddenly brought face to face with the awful inscrutable sphynx. Fancy the Rock Temple of Derr, dating from the time of Ramesses the Great, quietly gliding before you on a ship of past board, but in the exact similitude of their stern, melancholy nature. Here is the Temple of Amada, in Nubia, 3,900 years old. Here is the Temple of Dakke, founded by Ergonon, a Nubian king, 2,000 years since. Here is the Hypætrical Temple at Philæ, usually called "Pharaoh's head," built, as are most of the temples in Egypt, of a beautiful sandstone, and looking, although it has stood some two thousand years, literally as clean and as fresh as though it had been finished yesterday. Tableau after tableau crowds upon us, marvellous in their life-like distinctness, in their perplexing illusions of aerial perspective and quasi solidity. "The approach to Karnak, with the avenue of Sphynxes"—an avenue of Sphynxes! think of that, Master Brooke! the view of the "Two largest Pyramids of Gheezah;" the world-famous "Colossi of the Plain;" or statues of Memnon; the "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes;" the entrance to the "Great Temple of Luxor;" these are only a few amongst the most remarkable of these stereoscopic pictures, one hundred in number; and which Mr. Frith was, we believe, specially commissioned to travel in Egypt and Nubia to procure.

The hot Egyptian sun has used Mr. Frith well; and Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have no reason to complain of the results of their photographic ambassador's mission. The stereoscope, properly supplied, becomes not merely an ingenious toy, but an historical and geographical teacher; and it is in this latter light that we look on these remarkable and suggestive views of Egyptian and Nubian scenery.

INDIAN REFORM.—A second Indian reform meeting, held last week at St. Martin's Hall, terminated, like the first, in disorder, and in the triumph of the Chartists. Lord Bury, Mr. Keble, and Mr. O-way, opened the proceedings; but Mr. Ernest Jones took possession of the meeting, and carried his own motions, which chiefly had reference to the Charter.

SEPOY ATROCITIES.—"We have been assured by a medical friend," says the "Medical Times," "that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family crept with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her earrings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been split open, and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the sepoys. We have heard from another source, quite beyond question (a lady who speaks from personal knowledge), that there are several ladies now in Calcutta, who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names. They prefer being thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'Mamma's pet;' and that is all we are ever likely to know of her past history."

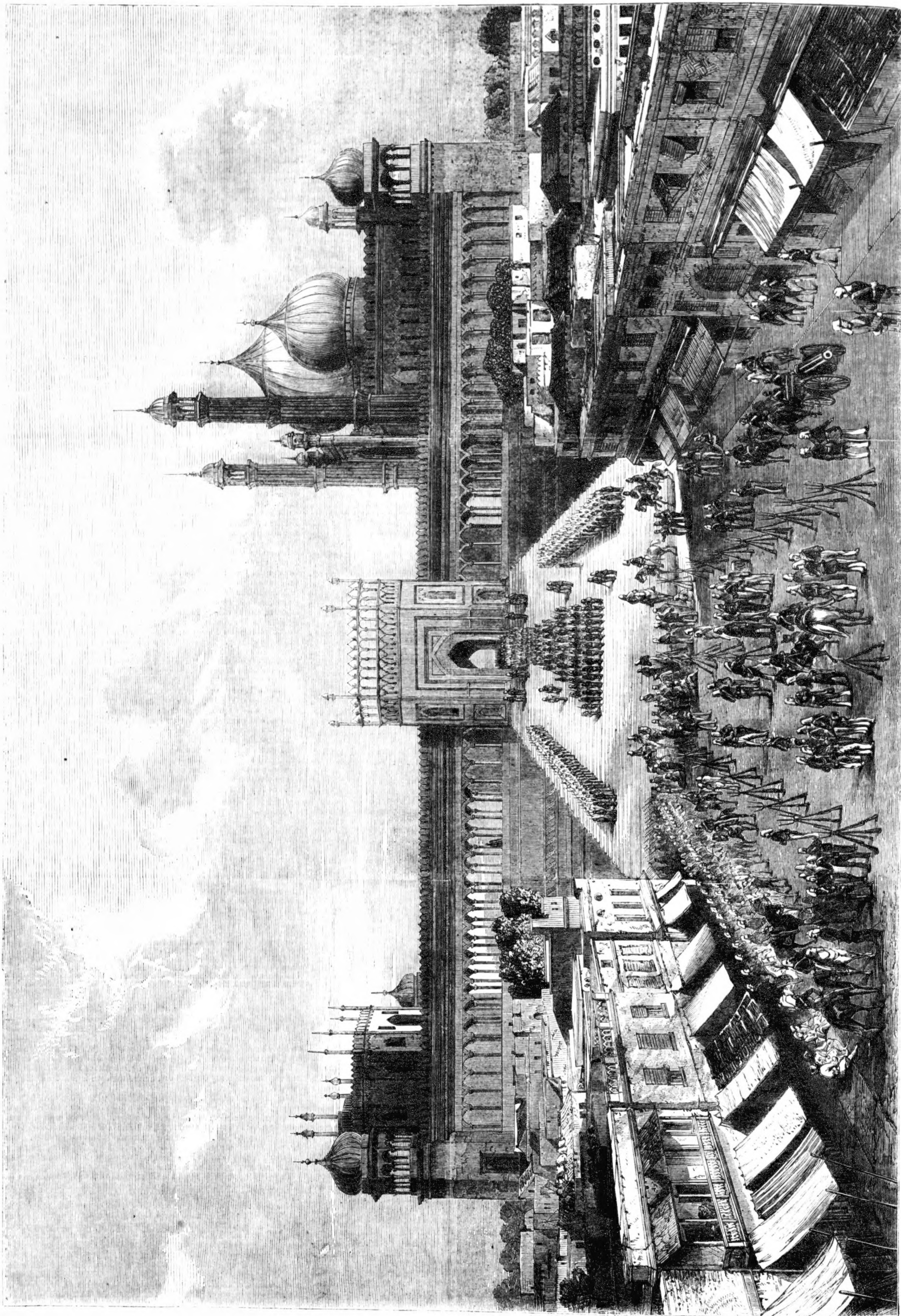
## DELHI AFTER THE STORM.

How Delhi looked while it remained in the possession of the sepoys,—their wild forms hurrying in all the streets, the rude picture-gathering of the sortie parties at the gates, the licence, the riot, the slaughter—we are not able to describe, whether with pen or pencil. Certainly, the city must have worn a very different aspect to that which our engraving on the following page represents,—when it fell again into the hands of its lawful masters, who as coolly conducted themselves there, as if Delhi were only a barrack.

Our intelligence of the condition of Delhi when recaptured is very meagre, and only gathered from scraps of gossip in private letters, as the following, for instance:—"Our new quarters in Delhi was a powder manufactory in the days of the Mogul, and consequently our servants accidentally blew us up the other day, and killed one of ourselves. But these little excitements are necessary. After being three months every day under fire, the change is so great that we were thinking of paying men to fire at us daily, and so let ourselves down to a quiet life by degrees. I have given up walking about the back streets of Delhi, as yesterday an officer and myself had taken a party of twenty men out patrolling, and we found fourteen women with their throats cut from ear to ear by their own husbands, and laid out in their shawls. We caught a man there who said he saw them killed for fear they should fall into our hands, and showed us their husbands, who had done the best thing they could sit-r-r-ards, and killed themselves. I rode down to see the palace. The wall and entrance are the finest part. The interior is dirty, filthy, and in great disorder, Pandey having revelled in its cool archways. I went all over the state apartments and the harem. The latter is a curious place, and had a remarkable appearance; its floor covered with gaiters, bangles, &c., and redolent of sandal wood. The fair daughters of Cashmere had their swing in the centre of the room. They had left in a great hurry; dresses, silks, slippers, were lying on all sides."

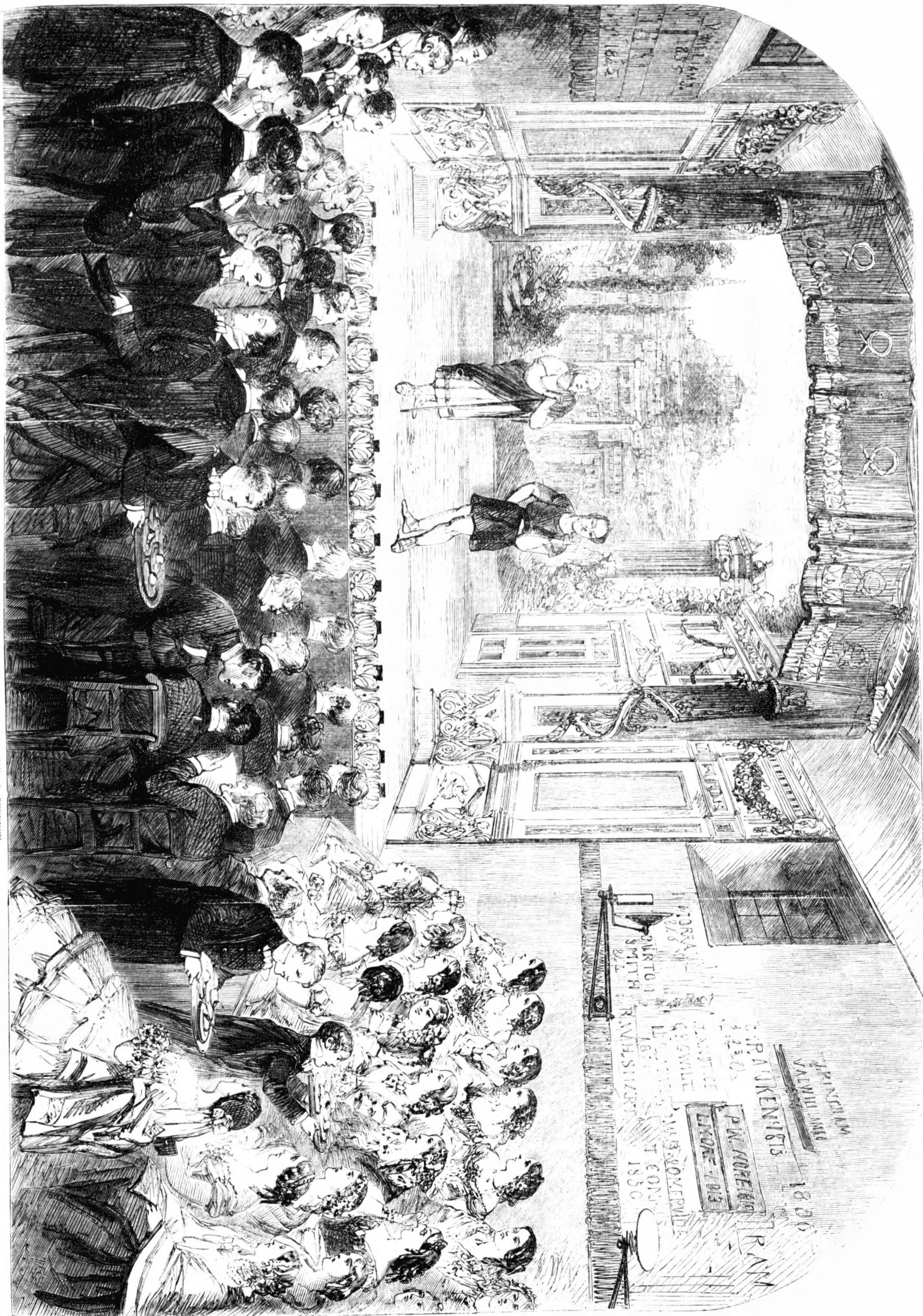
Of these goodies our soldiers have made spoil—and Delhi is quiet.





DELHI, AFTER THE SIEGE STREET VIEW NEAR THE JUMNA MUSJID.





THE WESTMINSTER PLAY. SCENE 110. THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE.



## WESTMINSTER PLAYS.

THIS year will be remembered in the annals of "St. Peter's College, Westminster." For the old scenery (designed originally by Garrick) has been substituted some entirely new, the production of Professor Cockerell and Mr. Fenton; and the yearly play has appeared with greater advantages than at any former time. We could not, therefore, have a happier opportunity of presenting our readers with a picture of this old-fashioned, but highly beneficial and intellectual recreation.

Westminster is not so ancient as Eton or Winchester, but it is ancient, has honourable traditions, and has produced a large number of most distinguished men. The original founder was Henry VIII., but Elizabeth (no ordinary scholar herself) who first set going the Latin play. Dramas, as everybody knows, had long been ranked amongst the means of instruction employed by the Church. And probably, too, it was felt in Queen Bess's time that to perform in Latin comedy would be the very surest way in which a boy could learn to speak Latin, which was then a necessary accomplishment to everybody with any pretensions to learning. Westminster has stuck faithfully to the Queen's instructions, and played four of the six comedies of Terence in rotation. Terence is not so humorous as Plautus, but is on the whole better fitted for the service required of him on these occasions—if only as one of the most exquisite models of language in all Latin literature. Sometimes an English play has varied the routine. One of Dryden's was performed in "glorious John's" own time—probably because he was himself an "old Westminster," like Ben Jonson, Prior, Atterbury, Locke, the Coimans, and many other men of renown in letters.

Of course, to get up "the play" is one of the great objects of the Westminster year. As Terence is one of the authors regularly read by the school, a boy begins to know him not long after he is received. Very likely he has appeared once, twice, or three in minor parts before he comes out in chief ones. Accordingly a certain proficiency is acquired; and indeed the actors, though "boys" by courtesy, are young men in fact. Only "Queen's scholars" play, and they choose and distribute their parts amongst themselves—subject, of course, to the approval of that august personage, the Master.

Having mentioned these preliminary facts, let us now put our "Gentleman's ticket" in our pocket, and jump into a cab. We rattle along under the shadow of the Abbey, and soon find ourselves strolling through a venerable passage odorous of antiquity, to the scene of amusement. The "Dormitory" is the theatre, and is duly provided with pit and gallery. On this occasion we shall plant ourselves in the latter, which commands a good view of "the house." A cluster of the "boys," whose chatter is most amusing, is behind us; and below, are a goodly batch of visitors, with an ornamental sprinkling of ladies on the right. The band of the Coldstream Guards keeps us amused till the play begins. Looking round the black walls of the high dormitory, you see generations of names in every variety of painting and scratching. One of these autographs—(though not visible from where we are)—is a name that has been written elsewhere, to better purpose—Warren Hastings!

While we are waiting—"Old Westminster" below—perhaps a parson who has come up from Cumberland to see the play, or a judge who slept here half-a-century ago (sunder than the dullest barrister can make him sleep now!) chat together, and recognise each other. The lads behind us keep up an endless rattle. "There's Bob Peters!" "Where?" "Is that your brother Joe?" "Yes. He's going to tip me." "The Prologue comes first, sir." "Such a bad epilogue to other years—three false quantities in every line. There comes the Turkish Ambassador—he always comes," &c. To the *blat* critic, the ardour of these youngsters is refreshing, and they are most anxious to give every information to strangers. At last, the curtain moves, and the business of the evening commences.

I. The prologue—written by the Master—is in honour of those "Westminsters" who have fought and fallen in India. In 1759—when this very play, the "Adelphi," was performed—the prologue was written by Lloyd (Churchill's friend), and was in honour of General Wolfe, the news of whose death had reached England. What made that choice peculiarly fitting, was, that the "Adelphi" was first played at the funeral games of a great Roman general, n.c. 158. This year, the lines are nice, but present nothing remarkable.

There is a burst of applause as the handiwork of Professor Cockerell and his colleague, the scene-painter, appears before us, glittering in light. It is Athens that we see, and our artist has transferred it to the "Illustrated Times." Temples and trees, and fair houses, that seem made to bathe in the sunshine of the south, hang radiant before our eyes. In the distance is the Acropolis—the diadem of the city; and far away beyond, a line of blue sea. The only change is to another prettily-executed piece of work—the theatre of Pompeii.

The Play itself delightfully keeps up the classic illusion—the feeling of a temporary mingling with the antique life. The dresses are just such as were worn in the agora at Athens, or by loungers among the plane-trees on the banks of the Ilyssus. The acting is at least as good as most amateur acting. But what most strikes one—and what is a real luxury to a man of letters who only knows Terence as a book—is the delivery of the Latin. Long study and long practice in reading aloud have made the performers so familiar with it that it no longer sounds from their lips like a defunct language. It comes fresh to you, and you feel as if you had never enjoyed it so much before. When Syrus comes on drunk (you see him there on the right) we laughed as genuinely at his intoxicated Latinity as ever did Cockney fast man at "Box and Cox." It was the general opinion that Syrus (played by Mr. Williams, a son of the Judge) was the best bit of comedy in the performance. But the Demos of Mr. Waters, and the Micio of Mr. Bovill, had both evidently been carefully studied; and nature, as well as art, had done something to make Ctesipho (Mr. Harrington) look like an Eupatrid.

The epilogue was a little dramatic squib on Mr. Roskin. It had no great *salut*, but the language was good, and we may particularly phrase,—"Casta et concinna venustas"—as very felicitously descriptive of Greek architecture.

We have not thought it necessary to describe the plot of the "Adelphi," which we hope was long since impressed on the reader's understanding by the usual (vigorous) methods! Nor have we time to go into the educational question—of the value of such performances at all, to the school or the public. Suffice it to say, that we heartily approve, generally, of keeping up the standard of Latin scholarship by a plan thus combining study with amusement.

## MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SIR,—In "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," No. 57, which appeared in your journal of Saturday last, allusion is made to Macaulay's prophecy as to some New Zealand yet sketching the broken arches of London Bridge from the ruins of St. Paul's. This imaginary picture has so frequently furnished writers of the present day with an image to express desolation, that it may be considered as a stock illustration. Having in mind, then, its widespread adoption, permit me to ask if the historian's right of ownership in this idea has ever been questioned? This I know not; but let your readers peruse the following extract from Lady Morgan's novel, "Florence McCarthy," and judge for themselves whether it does not afford a very remarkable instance of similarity of thought.

In the novel, De Vere (pages 20 and 21, Vol. VI. Colburn's Modern Novelists), while gazing on the beautiful building formerly the Irish House of Parliament, and alluding to a period when its columns shall be laid low, exclaims—

"Then, haply, some strife of the elements may conduct the enterprising spirit of re-erected philosophy to these conists—nay cast some future Volney of the Ohio or Sus—upon the shores of this little Palmyra, when he may gaze and wonder, may dream his theories and calculate his probabilities; and, bending over these ruins, may see the future in the past; and apostrophise the inevitable fate of existing empires."

Dublin, Dec. 21.

J. H.

AN EDUCATIONAL FRANCHISE.—A memorial in favour of an educational franchise, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Brougham, and a vast number of persons of political and literary distinction and of various ranks of opinion, has been forwarded to Lord Palmerston.

MADAME PEIFFER recently gave a good account of her reception at the Court of Madagascar. It now appears that she only remained in favour for a week or two, for the Queen suddenly issued an order to behead all Europeans. The prince interfered, however, and the order was changed for that of expulsion.

## THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from Page 395.)

## CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

WHITHER TEND THE CROOKED ROADS.

SPEED thee onward, ragged man over the bridge, for there is death before thee and death behind thee. Speed thee onward over the bridge; for it is not good to halt in the bay or look through the balustrades. Speed thee onward.

And he too cursed bridge of the fensome memory, for there is blood upon thy coping stones, and thy parapets are wet with the tears of women. Never came there any good out of thee; nor profit to the money-spinners that laid thee, for health to those who from thy flagged footways inhaled the deadly mists of the river; nor a whisper of solace to the wretched, nor of rest to the weary. The feet of the night prowlers have worn smooth thy stones, and thy roadway has been rutted by the wheels of the chariots that drove mad to their jolly and the toward to their destruction. Motion on thee, bridge, didst see unmoved misery and despair, and the cracking of heartstrings; at whose toll gates might stand Caron on the one side, and the dog Cerberus on the other; and other whose barriers might be written, as above the inferno's doors, "Ye who enter, leave all hope behind!"

The ragged man that was Philip Leslie struggled over the bridge, spreading him towards his inevitable doom. He had married the governess, and come to grief. As he had lost his bed, so he must lose it. He would so fly in the face of his best friends, what could he expect? His best friends told him this, and avowed it in other edifying things, when they discarded him. The Viscountess Baddington, in the few brief words in which she told him that he was never more to expect confidence or assistance from her, took occasion to tell him that he was a mean, spiritless tool. Good heavens! what had the man done? what was he to do? He wasn't a lord; why shouldn't he marry the governess? But it was agreed on all sides that he committed an act of gross folly, imprudence, and ingratitude. There is a wonder of unanimity sometimes among people when the tugeman is powerful; and aristocratic England unanimously sent Philip Leslie to Coventry: those who had ordered pictures countermanded them; and some even who had received the works which they had given commissions were so indignant at the hideous turpitude displayed by Philip in forming that unfortunate matrimonial alliance with the governess, that they would have no more to do with him on any account—not even to the extent of paying him what they owed him. Philip went to law with one quondam patron, the Marquis of Gumbo, author of the Gumbo overcoat and the Gumbo mail-coat. His binder called to pay the money a few days after Philip had been told enough to issue a writ; and the next day Mr. Fushob, of Regent Street, the great picture-dealer, and extensively patronised by Lord Gumbo, refused to buy any more of Philip's pictures at any price.

Genius accompanied by industry, however it may have to encounter adversity in the outset, must ever, you may say, triumph in the long run. Must it? I tell you that against some men there is a *hismet*, a fate; that against them there has gone forth a fiat of ill-luck, and that whether the wheel of fortune move swiftly or slowly, up-hill or down-hill, still crushed beneath the tire, at the bottommost spoke of the wheel, will those men be. They tried a man for vagabondage in France, the other day, before some tribunal of correctional police. They found, on removing his cap, and tattooed on his forehead, a strange inscription—"Pax de chance." He had never had a chance. He never was to have one. If he had painted like Raphael, or sung like Tasso, there was yet to be "no luck" about that miserable human house of his. These Murads the Unlucky, these John Harbuds, must always exist, I suppose, in order to preserve the capital balance of society, teach us our duties, the value of contentment, the futility of vain efforts, and much more in the didactic and generally inebriate department.

So, after his little brief season of prosperity, "swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow" went Philip Leslie to ruin. The lady whom his chorus of detractors was powerful, able, merciless. He fell into the hands of small picture dealers and disreputable furniture brokers. His works figured at low auction-rooms in Drury Lane and on Holborn Hill. Then he began to work for the Jews; then, having pawned everything to buy bread, he took to selling the tickets to their drink. He was kind enough, and fond enough of the poor, feeble, sickly girl he had married; only they were too poor to be kind or fond of one another. I have heard of love in a cottage, and believed in it. I have tried, myself, love in a back kitchen, and have found a cooking-range and a maugle things not wholly insupportable. Were it not for the black beetles, I should prefer it to love in marble halls. But love in a second floor back love in one room, with the bed in the corner, the whole place in a perpetual state of babyhood, with a little pile of pawn tickets on the mantelpiece, with the landlady coming up every ten minutes to tell you, in a nasal accent, that her landlord will call for his rent to-morrow, so that she will trouble you to settle your little account to-day; love with no coals in the grate, and none in the cupboard, my dear, loses much of its poetry—becomes, in fact, something very like horrible, soul-grinding, heartbreaking prose.

They had a baby or two born in due course, but death had mercifully cut down the little daisies in their meadow till within some eighteen months of the time at which I found Philip again for you. Baby the last lived, a rickety, suffering, feeble little Christian; a poor, pallid, white thing, with large eyes that kept ever regarding you—ah! so wistfully, ah! so sadly, as though to ask if this squalid misery, this pinching penury of second-floor existence, were the most notable features in this fine showy thing called Life, that men make such fuss about. This was the baby that was ill; and, with its mother, lay on a bed in the corner of a back-room lodging, meekly, uncomplainingly waiting for death.

He had reached home at last, the ragged man. Home had its habitat in a street turning out of the Waterloo Road—a street that I may be excused for calling one-eyed, for it had houses and windows only on one side; the length of the other being entirely occupied by the high brick dead wall of a thundering minor theatre, the Royal Guelph and Gubeline Theatre, if I am not mistaken. A flaring placard of many colours, nearly as long as the wall itself, was pasted on it, very high up, and out of the reach of filibustering bilksters of rival establishments. It informed the world that the Royal G. G. Theatre was unrivalled. That it was the Home of the Drama. That it was the favourite resort of the nobility and gentry, and that it was favoured with continual overflows and an unprecedented succession of brilliant novelties. References were made to the startling melodrama of "Leary Jen; or the Life Preserver and the Lagged One;" also to the forthcoming real old Surrey side domestic drama, "Smiles and Tears; or, the Union, the Mill, the Jug, and the Stepper." Talma Cogges, the great Transpontine comedian, known among his admirers in the New Cut as "Speak out, Cogges," had been engaged at an immense sacrifice to perform the part of Leary Jen for six nights longer at this temple of the drama. Philip had vainly tried to obtain employment in his old vocation of a scene-painter. He had taken him on for about a fortnight one Christmas-time to foil-paper up some coral columns in the grand transformation scene of the pantomime—the dazzling halls of enchanting delight in the realms of Runtivity; but the curse of the Viscountess's anger seemed to pursue him everywhere. The manager, contemptuously recorded his opinion that "there was no good in that tell w!" he drank, he smoked, he was always playing cribbage, he neglected his wife, he didn't wash, he wasn't clever; he was lazy, proud, conceited, unprincipled, they said. Hundreds of trigrams were said of the same sort; for, you see, the word was against him. Terrible odds, those; you see I against the world!

He had been out all that morning, trying to borrow, or beg, or get a little money anyhow. They had physic from the dispensary in sufficient quantity; but there are times when the best dose of physic is a bottle of port wine, and the best bolus a beefsteak. But there was no money in

London that windy day—none, at least, for Philip Leslie. There was such a tightness in the money-market, and about the entrance to trousers' pockets of mankind—such a pallocking of human hearts, a trapping, barring, stapling, and chaining up of human sympathy—that Philip might as well have appealed to Alderman Westbury, obelisk at the corner of Fleet Street, or Charles the First's statue, Charing Cross, as to men and women that day. There was no money in the city (where things, by the way, had been terribly bad lately), and no money in Westminster. The few friends who yet remained to him were either too poor to assist, or tired out by repeated loans to him. Misery to him when you have worn out the kindness and forbearance of your friends! How he had succeeded in his interview with her Grace the Duchess of Minerva, once Viscountess Baddington, you have already learnt through the medium of Mr. Tinctop's mamma. He had seen her Grace again that day—the day of the wind—but not to speak to her. Her warm chariot, the dual coronet on the panels, was rolling swiftly through Oxford Street. He had just caught one glimpse of her beautiful face, with her golden hair shining and waving amidst the lace of her bonnet. He saw it, for a moment, in a warm autumn dress, the tiny sable mull, the Sky-terrier, sitting in such ugliness, an animated ball of worsted in her lap. The ruby coach on five capes to his coat, and wore a wig; the flour on the footman's face would have made bread for the dear ones at home; the trinkets about the small-veined heads of the almost priceless horses would have made a second-floor back a palace; the very carriage-room was simpler, wider than all the bed-furniture he had, poor man, put together. And he, a tute, forlorn, castaway, he had enjoyed all these things. He had sat the soft cushions, ridden in the luxurious carriage, left at the woman's feet, kissed her false hand, been petted by her—beautiful cruel, was she as she was.—It was all over now—never to return. But you look at a scene, a thing, a face you had enjoyed, revelled in, with, caressed, and, revisiting it, or seeing it pass, tell that there is a gulf ten thousand miles wide between you and what was your good and chattels—your slave and plaything. So, looking at the voice of your heart cries "never more, never more!" and slowly and sadly on the way of all men born to die. And so the carriage passed Philip and left him (with some of the mud from its wheels on his torn coat) in the midst of Oxford Street, the "opium corner," stony-hearted mother. The carriage stopped at the door of the Pantheon, and the delighted and entered the bazaar. What was she doing in town, away from the season was over? Why was she not on her way to the Continent, one of her princely castles and palaces? With an insouciant, hopeless, almost chivalric clinging to the phantom of that which once has been a Philip Leslie, the carriage, and was about to enter the building; but a summons from the ole, with a golden bulb, like a pumpkin, at the top of his staff, drove back frowningly, making invidious comments on his torn apparel, shapeless, shameful boots. Oh! the unpardonable Sin of Poverty! Mr. Teazlum's school for young ladies was just flying out of the bazaar, the repulse took place. Clara Fisher, the belle of the school, brought Laura Toogood, the wag (a bold girl), made a face at the wretched man as she passed him; but a sight stole from little Kitty Cogges' lips, and she said, "Poor fellow!" He did look very poor indeed. But for fear of Miss Teazlum, Kitty would have run after the ragged man, and given him that fourpenny piece, the last remains of Uncle John's bright silver crown. As it was, a tear stood in her eye. She was staring, crying at other people's sorrows, and laughing at her own; this honest little school-girl. God bless thee, little Kitty; pleasant little Samaria, with soft brown hair plaited into two tails, the gypsy hat and the blue trousers. God bless thee, though I met thee but once, and for a moment, in a crowded street. Go thy ways, and be happier than the wretched man whom thou dost pity.

Spurred from the door, ragged Philip had that afternoon prowled to Poland Street, and so into Great Marlborough Street, where you know, situated the back entrance to the Pantheon Bazaar. And as he passed the door a man went in swiftly; a man with huge black whiskers, and dressed in a showy, flashy, half foreign style. He was visible but for a moment, and was gone.

"As I live," cried Philip, "that must be Jack Pollyblank."

At other times, long, long ago, he had spurned the fellow's proffered aid; but now he would have taken a crown, a shilling from him, not have been thankful for it. He pressed quickly to the door, and would have entered; but he was repulsed again by a second edition of the sanguinous head, who told him, in no very polite terms, that the place was not for such as he.

"But I have a friend here, a gentleman, whom I must see," Philip said, vainly struggling to obtain admittance.

"A friend, a gentleman! I desay," the official answered, sneeringly. "A friend, I sware, who is load of priggish things off the counters, and isn't at all averse to the flowerpots in the conservatory. Come, git along with you, or I'll call the 'plice."

There was nothing to be done, nothing to be said, and with a heart long since as heavy, but now growing harder than the nether millstone, Philip Leslie turned on his heels, and stalked gloomily down Carnaby Street. There was mischief in the man.

So he had come home to the house in the slum, desperate, penniless, for his last illpenny had gone to pay the bridge-toll. The house in which was his miserable room had a shop attached to it, a chandler's shop; a dark little glory-hole of a place. It made Philip doubly desperate to look at the catables displayed in the window, cumbering the shelves and counter, coarse, rank viands at best; mouldy cheese, rancid butter, bacon, red herrings, savelloes, and loaves of inferior bread. Coarse as they were, they would have been luxuries to him; but his credit had long since been exhausted. He was in debt for victuals and in debt for rent, and not one penny more in cash or kind could he raise.

"I can't go in," he muttered, stopping on the threshold of the door.

"I can't go in; God help me." And burst out crying.

It was not good to see him cry. I tell you that there was mischief in him. His were not the tears of a tender sorrow that in weeping finds relief, but tears rather of burning impatience and rage against the world that had been so hard upon him; against the men and women who had used him so cruelly. Those tears were the salt waves of the Black Sea of Despair. He repeated again to himself that he could not go in yet, and that he would take a little walk. Then slunk up the street into the Waterloo Road again.

Oh rash and miserable man, pause and come back. The golden prize is come: wealth, honours, titles, wait thee in the wretched two-pair back. There, demurely sitting by thy sick wife's side is Seth Tinctop, and the Levite beneath the Samaritan's robe, and for once pouring oil and balm into her wounds. There is a flush upon her pallid cheek, as he tells her that thou art a peer of the realm—a lord of the land—that thou wilt have vast estates, and stores of gold, and silver, and jewels. There is a viscount's coronet (with a slight law-suit attached to it, whose expenses Mr. Tinctop will gladly pay) waiting for thee upstairs.

Pause then—nay, speed thee onward if the inexorable fates have willed it so. The curse of blood-guiltiness is upon thee, and never came happiness yet from that title of Baddington. So he went onward, and the shadows of the evening closed up behind him like drapery, as he plunged into the maze of streets.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST, AND LAST.

SHADOWS.

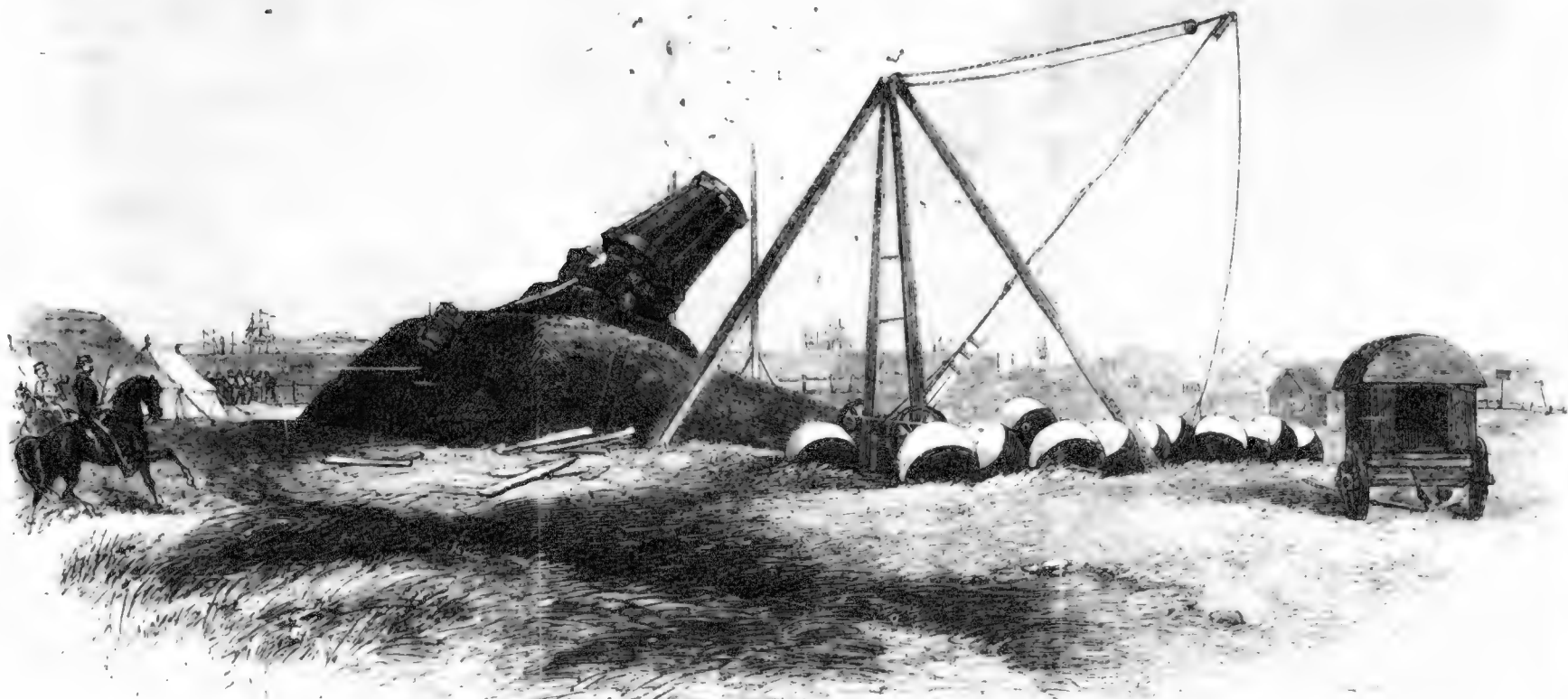
The Christmas bells ring out across the lee, and carts laden with holy and evergreens come slowly rumbling into the jagged streets of quiet country towns. Windows are dressed up in leaved and berried braves. Spiced ales are brewed; dear friends and children meet; and merry makings are organised. It is the joy-time of the year, and yet the next before me is full of gloomy fancies—black shadows that will not be chased away.

And the shadows are darkening, and darkening, into thickest night. With extremest difficulty I discern here and there a dim uncertain light, flickering for a moment, and then enveloped again in a hopeless obscurity. And phantom lights, gleaming like unholy stars from the black sky, peer out at, and illuminate for an instant, fantastic forms, weird and uncouthly









TRIAL OF THE MONSTER MORTAR AT PLUMSTEAD MARSHES.

upon a wet sponge, the moisture jets out. So the shell, plunging into the earth, squeezes the moisture it encounters into a few aggregated jets. Amidst all the rattling jar of stones and rods, the sound of water, as if escaping from a fountain jet, could be readily discriminated. Then, to look

at the ground: where the surface was level as a table a few instances ago, there is a heap of earth and rubbish now as large as a small house. Going close to the spot one finds a veritable abyss, ragged and yawning. As for the shell, how far down, or whither it has gone, nobody can tell. The

ground was carefully probed after each successive shot by a long iron bar, but unavailingly; not one could be found. The general notion seems to be that they are somewhere down in the earth, about 30 feet deep, or so. Each having made its plunge at an angle of about 32 degrees, the shell will



SCENE OF THE RECENT EXPLOSION AT MAYENCE.



is necessarily carried some considerable distance away from the aperture of the mortar, and no great stretch of imagination is required to picture to one's self what the effect would be of such a shell charged with its complement of powder, and exploding at the desired moment.

At the fifth round the mortar became damaged. The huge gun is made of separate pieces of iron hooped together, and one of the hoops gave way. The practical value of this accident the doctors disagree about. Some say that the gun is a *total failure*—that it has burst, in fact; others, that the starting of the hoop is a mere detail, and by no means affects the principle upon which the gun was forced.

To conclude our notice, it may be stated that the weight of the mortar is 42 tons, its mean calibre 36 inches 9-100ths of an inch; length to top of chamber 8 feet; length of chamber 2 feet 6 inches; bore of chamber 18 inches at the top, 14 at its lower part; weight of the mortar-bed 8 tons; the average weight of shell is about 24 cwt., though the shells used on the 15th were heavier. The utmost charge the mortar was tested with was 200 lb.

#### THE EXPLOSION AT MAYENCE.

In another part of our paper this week, we illustrate a terrible catastrophe by sea; on the preceding page our readers have a picture of one of those disasters which will happen to people "who live at home at ease." The explosion of the powder magazine at Mayence is a recent piece of news, as those who are good enough to read this paper are aware. It is not necessary, then, to go again over the ground, especially as we have nothing to add to the description. It will be long ere Mayence recovers from the shock, which, in one moment of time, devastated the city as completely as it had been bombarded for a month. One entire street was completely destroyed; buildings comparatively remote from the magazine were so shaken, that they presently toppled down, or were pulled down to prevent any little episodes of disasters. The loss of life was also terrible; not fewer probably than 500 souls were sent at the same moment to eternity by the same terrible cause. We are led to inquire—purely as a matter of speculation, and not with any hope that any good could come out of it, in these indifferent times—how our own magazines are situated with regard to explosions.

#### PEASANTS CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS AT TONNIENS.

THERE still exists among us some trace of those hearty old Christmas customs which our forefathers were addicted to; not in cities, where they are clean forgotten, but among the peasantry of the northern districts, whose manners have been little touched, even in our day, by what we are all agreed in calling refinement. But even there good folks so evidently confound old customs, and introduce ceremonies so inexplicable, not to say absurd, that it is, after all, impossible to realise the actual Christmas merrymaking of older and ruder times. Our friends of the Continent are in the same condition; though in Germany, Norway, and the Christian north generally, we see that Christmas is kept pretty much as it is in England, and we may read the customs of the one country by those of the other. In France they differ; they are for the most part foreign to us, and in many of the agricultural districts the advent of the blessed day is announced by fires on the hills; that may have something to do with the Shepherds keeping watch by night, though it is more reasonable to take them as mere signal-fires, lit by those on the hills to apprise the valleys that the dawn of the great day is breaking. The peasants at Tonniens, however, have a fiery custom, which in our ignorance of the district, &c., we are at a loss to explain on any grounds; and we come to the assistance of our readers with a picture of the ceremony. On Christmas eve, then, at this place, the peasantry run over the fields with torches, and round the boundary of the commune, singing and shouting, and waving their torches. Is this the way they "beat the bounds" at Tonniens?



PEASANTS OF TONNIENS PERAMBULATING THE FIELDS WITH TORCHES ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM THE FARM.







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<sup>9</sup> The Commission takes Preposits and every other information from confidential sources, except all Confidential Informants, as provided by Section 8A(1)(c) of the Act.

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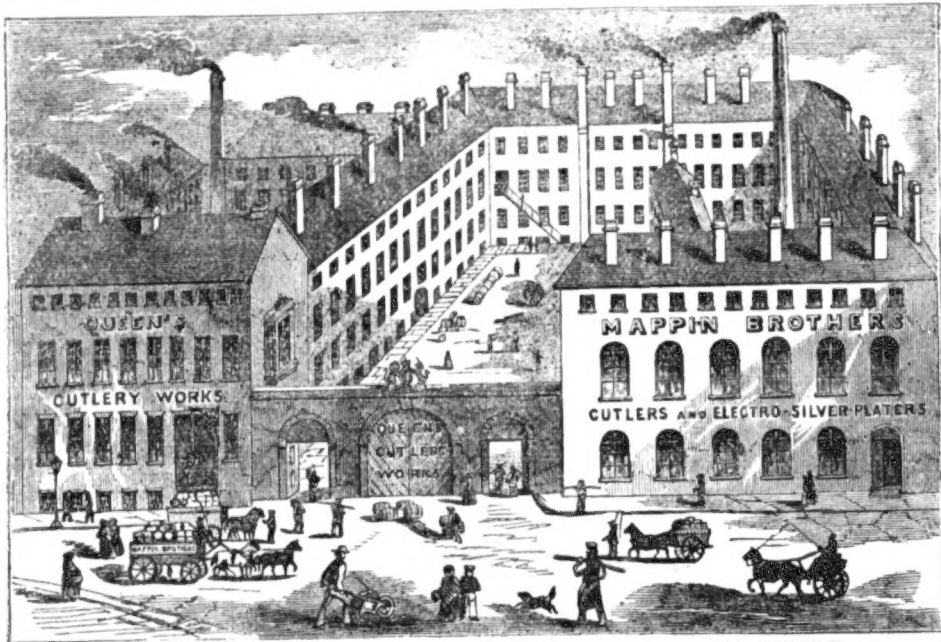
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CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES IN ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE,

### COMPRISING TEA & COFFEE SERVICES,

SIDE DISHES, DISH COVERS, SPOONS AND FORKS,

And all Articles usually made in Silver, can now be obtained from their London Warehouse.

67, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY.

#### ELECTRO-SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS, FULL SIZE.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.
12 Table Forks, best quality . . .	£1 16 0	£2 14 0	£3 0 0
12 Table Spoons, best quality . . .	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks, best quality . . .	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0
12 Dessert Spoons, best quality . . .	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0
12 Tea Spoons, best quality . . .	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0
4 Sauce Ladles, best quality . . .	0 16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0
2 Gravy Spoons, best quality . . .	0 14 0	1 1 0	1 2 0
4 Salt Spoons, Gilt Bowls, best quality . . .	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0
Mustard Spoons, do., each, best quality . . .	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0
Sugar Tongs, per pair, best quality . . .	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0
Pair Fish Carvers, per pair, best quality . . .	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0
Butter Knives, each, best quality . . .	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0
Soup Ladles, best quality . . .	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6
Sugar Sifter, pierced, best quality . . .	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt, best quality . . .	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
Moist Sugar Spoons, each, best quality . . .	0 1 2	0 3 0	0 3 0
Complete Service . . .	11 13 6	17 15 6	19 4 6

#### TABLE CUTLERY, IN CASES, COMPLETE.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
Two doz. full-size Table Knives, ivory handles . . .	£2 4 0	£3 6 0	£4 12 0
1½ doz. full-size Cheese ditto . . .	1 5 6	1 14 6	2 11 0
One pair regular Meat Carvers . . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One pair extra-size ditto . . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One pair Poultry Carvers . . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for sharpening . . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Oak Case to contain the above . . .	1 8 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
Complete Service . . .	6 4 0	8 8 6	11 6 6

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Where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.



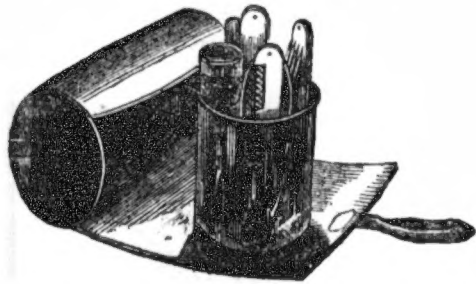
MAPPIN'S PRUNING KNIFE, 3s. 6d.



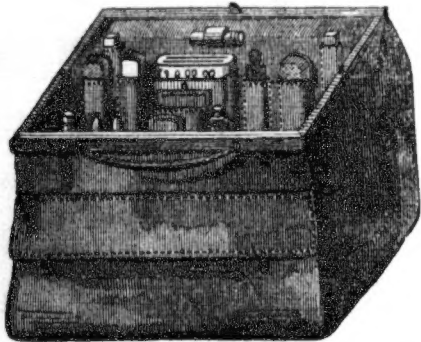
HUNTING KNIFE, containing Large Blade, Corkscrew, Leather Punch, Button Hook, Picker, Tweezer, Screw-driver, 18s. each.



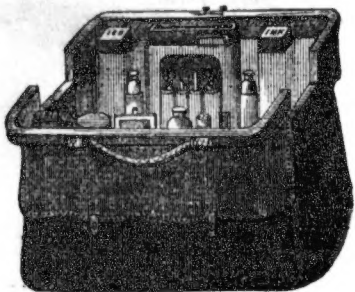
MAPPIN'S LANCET EDGE RAZOR, 2s 6d. each.



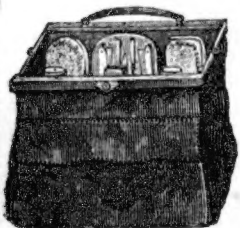
MAPPIN'S CRIMEA CASE, (4½ inches by 3 inches,) contains Knife, Fork, and Spoon, Corkscrew, Half-pint Cup, Pepper, Mustard, and Salt Box, electro-plated, in Solid Leather Case, 42s. each.



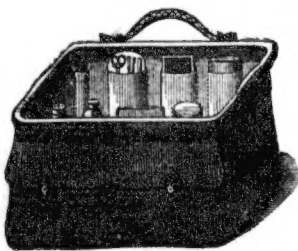
B588. Gentlemen's Travelling Bag, Complete £7 12s.



C116. Lady's best Levant Leather Travelling, Writing, and Dressing Bag, as above, but with Patent Wide Opening Frame, and Patent Double Action Lock, all the fittings of a larger size; a very useful Bag, Complete £8.



C169.



C180.

C169. Gentlemen's Patent Leather Travelling Bags, Complete £4.

C180. Lady's Morocco Leather Travelling or Dressing Bag, Complete £4.



E1761. CRUET STAND, £3 10s.



E4615, £8 8s.



E4375. Very handsomely Chased Vine Handle, very best quality, £16, per set of 4, forming 8 Dishes.



E4085 to match E4375, SIDE DISH, each set containing 2-14 inches, 1-18 inches, 1-20 inches, £22.



B532.



B659.

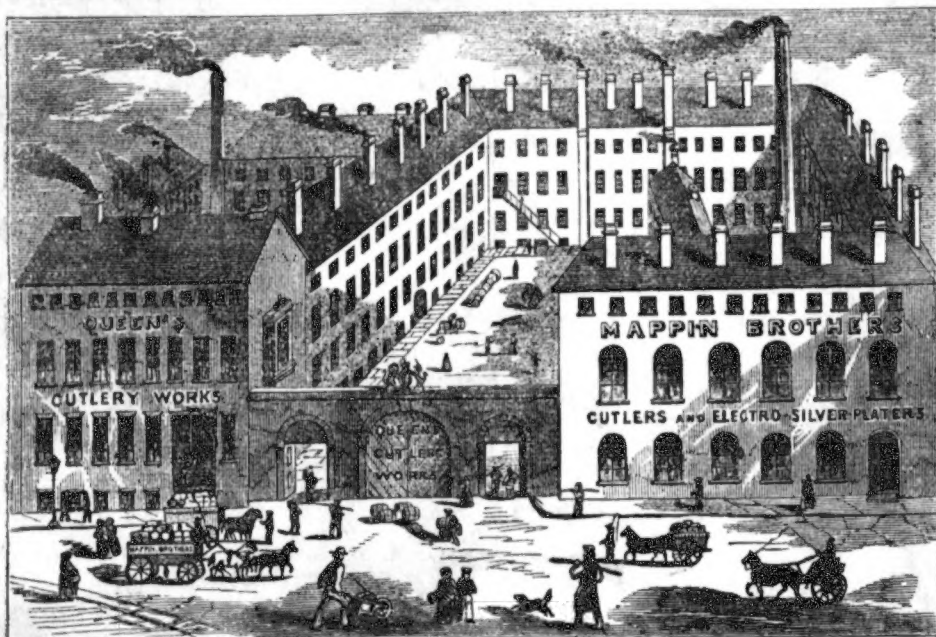
B532. CLARET JUGS, with Silver Plated Handle Glass beautifully engraved, Vine Pattern, £4 each. B659. With Silver Plated Handle and Lip, splendid Cut Flint Glass, £4 10s. each.



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4 Salt Spoons, Gilt Bowls, best quality . . .	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0
Mustard Spoons, do., each, best quality . . .	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0
Sugar Tongs, per pair, best quality . . .	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0
Pair Fish Carvers, per pair, best quality . . .	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0
Butter Knives, each, best quality . . .	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0
Soup Ladles, best quality . . .	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6
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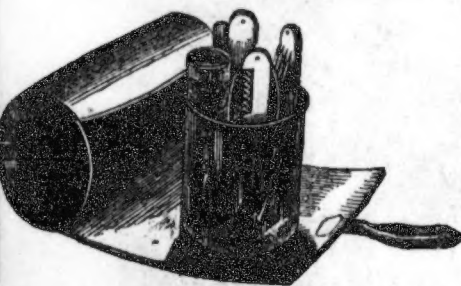
MAPPIN'S PRUNING KNIFE, 3s. 6d.



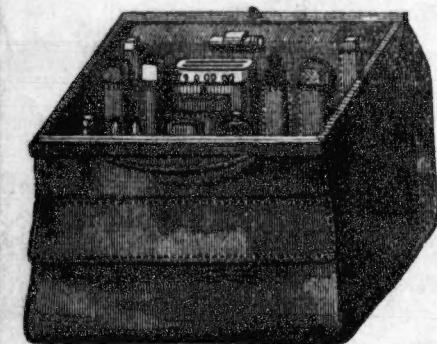
HUNTING KNIFE, containing Large Blade, Corkscrew, Leather Punch, Button Hook, Picker, Tweezer, Screw-driver, 18s. each.



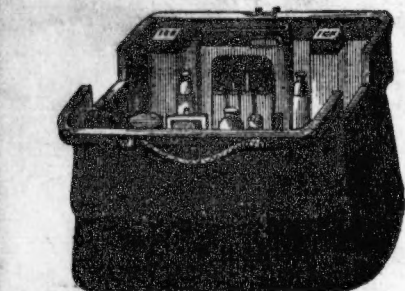
MAPPIN'S LANCET EDGE RAZOR, 2s. 6d. each.



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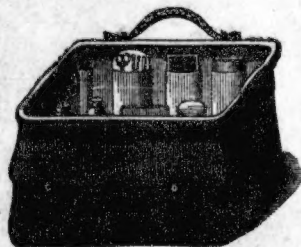
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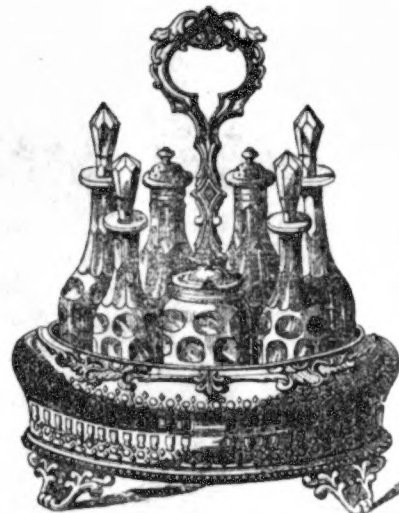
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